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THE LAST OF SUMMER.

IN the country this is a delightful month, but even in the city it is by no means incurably dull, notwithstanding the heat that usually characterizes its thirty-one days. Every city has its Park, Public Garden, or similar breathing place where weary mortals may rest and nurses take their little charges under the shady trees. In many cities, too, there are pleasant concert halls where father, mother and children may enjoy good music while beautiful plants and flowers lend their sweetness to the air.

August is the month of steamboat excursions, of yachting trips, or picnic parties. In August the saleswoman hurries on her Saturday half-holiday to the beach, where in a hired costume she has as good a time—and often looks as pretty—as the darlings of Fortune at Newport.

In August the business man longs for September's reviving trade, while his clerk borrows an elaborate fishing pole and goes on his vacation—but catches no fish. But best of all, in August the cool East wind springs up at night and all the day's discouragements float away, leaving only a sigh of Comfort. This is August from the city point of view. Next month we shall look at September through country eyes. Our superb title page for the first month of Autumn will present many field, farm and fireside scenes that cannot but delight every young reader in town and country and prove suggestive of fond recollections to our older ones everywhere.



THE FLIGHT OF RICHARD BERING.

BY MCKENDREE BANGS.

SYNOPSIS.

Michael Bering starts one evening to call upon his brother Richard and nephew, Richard Jr. Just before reaching the house, sees Richard Jr. leave in great haste; thinking there has been a family quarrel which is not infrequent, he returns home only to be summoned shortly to go to the house of his brother who has been murdered. Mary Irving, the ward of Richard Sr. is there mourning the loss of her friend. She hates Michael and has very short conversation with him. Richard's will is opened, which discloses the fact that Michael and Richard Jr. are to be joint executors. Richard Sr. and his son quarreled because the young man wants to marry Mary Irving, and on the evening of the murder they were alone in the library, and Richard Sr. wants Mary to have other suitors in order that he be able to select a husband. Richard Jr. leaves room in anger, and meets Mary in hall, he tells her his father's wishes, and she asks: "Is he going to bring these men here, or must I seek them, these men I must choose among?" In time the detectives felt sure that Richard Jr. had embarked on a sailing vessel for San Francisco. Soon a verdict was rendered charging Richard Jr. with the crime. Richard Jr. on discovering the body of his father starts at once in pursuit of murderer; tracks him to a cellar in a side street where, upon entering, he is struck on the head with a club and knocked senseless. Mary Irving quarrels with Michael Bering and one evening when he goes to the house to bother her with his attentions he found her gone. He did not fear that she had met with an accident. He knew intuitively that she had gone to escape him. Richard Jr. pursues the man and is struck on head, and while insensible is carried on board a sailing ship, about to sail for San Francisco. Many days afterward he regains consciousness in mid ocean. Makes friends with the Captain who sees he is no ordinary seaman and questions him and learns his story. When they arrive at the Cannibal Islands, Richard went on shore where he finds files of New York papers giving an account of the murder and his flight, and learns that detectives await him in San Francisco.

CHAPTER VIII.

RICHARD'S ARRIVAL.

AT LAST their business was finished and the anchor raised and sail made for the Traveler. They were on the way to San Francisco. Richard and thought hard and long of his affairs. He discussed them with Captain Thompson; but the good captain could only see that the straightforward way was the best and only way. But Richard could not believe with him. The testimony of his Uncle Michael seemed to him to have a deep and sinister meaning; he was convinced that in some way Michael Bering was responsible for the trouble and that he was determined to involve him, young Richard, in greater. He felt certain that he could unravel the mystery and expose the conspiracy if there was one. He felt equally certain that the authorities had committed themselves to the theory that he was guilty and, led on and encouraged by Michael, they would use all their energy and power to prove their theory right. To meet and overcome the charge he must be free—free to seek the truth and free to fight.

The captain was obdurate and Richard found that whether or not he liked it he would be taken to San Francisco and thence in custody to New York; but on one morning as he came on deck Captain Thompson said to him bluntly:

"I have changed her course."

"Why?" asked Richard, of course not understanding.

"It is your affair," the captain responded. "You want to get to New York and you want to escape San Francisco. I'll put you ashore far south of that. You ought not to run away; but it is your affair."

So the good captain, at the loss of many days time, ran near the coast and Richard was rowed ashore late one afternoon at a convenient harbor. He had plenty of money advanced by Captain Thompson. He wasted no time and was soon aboard the fast Eastern express.

The sun was just setting in the clear western sky when Richard saw the railroad train after his long journey. It was cold, but during the brief passage of the ferry boat he stood upon the forward deck looking with hope and longing upon the sight he knew so well. Never before had the city with its many roofs seemed so full of promise to him. Even the cloud of smoke overhanging it was welcome in his eyes. As he walked through the streets afterward he felt exhilarated and the slight click of his heels upon the pavement was music in his ears. He walked quickly to the house which had been his home always; but it had grown dark before he reached there. The city streets were lighted but in all the house there was no sign of life or movement. He was determined if he could to know before he should sleep that night something of Mary Irving. He dared not boldly ring the bell and ask, but for many cold and weary hours he walked to and fro before the house hoping that there might be some indication whether or not she was within and whether it would be safe for him to enter. At last, however, fatigued, he had to seek rest in the near by modest hotel to which he had earlier sent his few belongings. In the morning early he was awake and busily thinking what would be his best plan; but his longing to see Mary Irving troubled and confused him. As early as he could he was in the neighborhood, but although the day was a bright one Mary did not leave or enter it. Of that he was sure. As he thought of the many errands to naturally tempt her forth he was alarmed; he feared that she might be ill. Still, he was in full command of himself and determined not to risk all by any recklessness now. Late in the afternoon, he began upon the course he had decided he would pursue. He would call that very evening, he determined, upon Mr. Pearllock a life-long friend of his father's in whose office he had himself been prepared for the law. If he could not convince him of his innocence and secure his assistance, then, indeed, his case would be a hard one. From him too he hoped to learn of Mary Irving. He was now impatient for the night to come; but at last it was dark and then as he walked uptown, Mr. Pearllock's house was a new one in the upper part of the city, he counted the minutes before it would be late enough for his dinner to be quite finished. He walked through streets which had once been altogether familiar to him; but now he felt a stranger in a strange land. As he walked along through the central avenue of the city he realized suddenly that he was about to pass the house where his uncle Michael had his rooms. As he stopped and looked at the windows from across the street, the door was opened and Michael Bering came out and hastened down the steps and along the sidewalk.

"Oh, my dear Uncle," said Richard aloud, "you will be late at dinner. I do not wonder you hurry. And—? What am I going to do?" He was tempted to follow his uncle, to face him and to force him then and there to tell him all that had happened to Mary Irving; and to promise to do him justice before her and all the world. He took a step or two in the direction he was going. Then he restrained himself.

"No," he said, "my time will surely and certainly come. And if I am not very much mistaken, Uncle Michael, the settlement will be pleasant to me than to you."

He turned again and walked on, now more quickly, toward Mr. Pearllock's house. At length he stood in front of it; but without hesitation he walked up the steps. As he was about to ring the bell the thought occurred to him that perhaps the servant would not admit him without a card or his name, but without lingering to formulate any plan he rang the bell violently.

"Is Mr. Pearllock in?" he asked of the pleasant-faced maid.

"Yes, sir," she answered quickly, holding a waiter toward him as though to ask for his card.

"Please say a gentleman from California on urgent business wishes to see him," Richard said, and without more ado he walked into the parlor of which the doors stood open.

In the rear of the room, by a table upon which a lamp was burning brightly, sat a young woman reading. She rose as Richard entered and walking toward him said inquiringly:

"You wish to see Mr. Pearllock?"

Richard's heart stood still. It was Mary Irving. She walked on without looking further at him and would have left the room. Richard could not speak at first, he could not move. But at last as she was about to disappear he stammered simply:

"Mary."

Astonished, she turned to look at him. For a few minutes she was silent and her face changed and changed again. Then, with a little cry, she ran to him and fell upon his breast and her arms encircled his neck till her hands met. She leaned heavily upon him, but he put his strong arms about her, too, and held her firmly. He bent and kissed her.

"Mary," he said, "have you no word for me?"

"Not yet, not yet, Richard," she answered in a minute. "Wait. Let me breathe."

At this moment Mr. Pearllock, who had been summoned, entered the room. He stood a minute in amazement.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "This is urgent business. I do not wonder you came from California. But who are you?"

Mary held all the closer to Richard; but she turned her face all blushing and her eyes all glistening with tears toward Mr. Pearllock and she said:

"Oh, Mr. Pearllock, see, see! This is Richard! I knew he would come back—I knew he would."

The old gentleman looked closely then at Richard and he tried to disengage one of his hands that he might shake it.

"Dick," he said, "don't think I would not have known you. I couldn't half see you, and you are pretty well covered from sight yet. Shall I go out?"

"Oh, no, no, Mr. Pearllock," Mary said as she disengaged herself. Then turning to Richard she took his hand and led him toward a chair. "I am so glad to see you, so glad. I want to know so much. What shall I ask you first? Where have you been so long?"

"It will be a long story, Mary," Richard answered. "And I cannot tell it all at once. But tell me why you are here."

"On business, urgent business," Mr. Pearllock broke in. "A very interesting case we had. Irving versus Bering. A pretty client and a skillful lawyer and—? It wouldn't have been hard to win would it, Dick?"

"Not for you I daresay, sir; but what is it?"

"Oh, to have that precious uncle of yours removed as executor of your father's will."

"Did he treat you badly, Mary?"

"Oh, Mary said, 'don't let us talk about him tonight. I only know that you are back.'"

"Treat her badly?" interrupted Mr. Pearllock. "You wait and hear. Why, she had to leave her home and come here. But it was not a bad exchange, and very good for us, too, was it not Mary?"

"You have been very good to me," she answered. "Mark the reserve of that, Dick. You are a lucky fellow. She does not often show all she feels, as I rather fancy she did to you just now. But, I say, you've come back and spoiled our case. What can you say to that?"

"I am sorry to have spoiled anything; but I am glad to be back."

"I am glad too; but you have spoiled one of the most interesting cases I have ever had."

"How?"

"Why, you are an executor, too. Qualify, and you'll have as much to say about it as he."

"But I am a fugitive from justice."

"Oh, true! I had forgotten that absurd verdict. Come, tell us all about it. Mary, you will let him?"

"Yes," she answered.

Richard then sitting with Mary's hand in his told of all that had happened to him. He had no difficulty for it was all impressed upon his memory forever. Mr. Pearllock asked him many questions and at the end he said:

"Why, my boy, I couldn't have believed your own confession that you had killed your father. Now we must get to work to fix all this. We can do it, but it may not be at once. We must employ detectives and they are slow. In the meantime you will do as I say?"

"Yes," Richard replied, thankful that Mr. Pearllock had no doubt about him, and that he was to have his help.

"You must keep in hiding. You must not let anyone know that you are here. I am glad Mrs. Pearllock is not at home to-night. But don't you ever tell her I said so, Mary."

"No, I will not," she answered laughing.

"I will be very careful," Richard said.

"It will not be as pleasant as some things; but it will be pleasanter than in jail and they won't take bail in such a case. Besides I may want your help. Give me your address so that I may send for you."

"Very well, sir," replied Richard as he wrote down the name he had thought it well to assume, and his present address.

"Very good Mr. Green—Green is it?" Mr. Pearllock answered. Then looking at his watch he said, "Phew! It is ten minutes of midnight only. Come, you must be off."

Richard rose, but Mary still held his hand. Mr. Pearllock looked at them both and laughed.

"I will give you the ten minutes to say 'Good-night' in. No longer though."

As they were left alone Richard sat down again by Mary and asked her:

"What did Uncle Michael do? How did he treat you badly?"

"Oh, Richard," she said, "we have only ten minutes to say so much to each other."

He kissed her; but he drew from her enough about Michael Bering to let him know that his debt to his uncle had largely grown in his absence.

"But Richard let me look at you. You have grown stronger and even better looking."

"Thank you," he answered laughing, "I am strong enough I know; but I am not so sure about the better looking."

"But you are," she persisted. "Your face is so much stronger. Ah, you must have had trouble and worry," she went on as she stroked his face gently.

"I have."

"And I was not with you to help you bear it. It will never be so again, will it Richard?"

"Never I hope; but you have had to bear sorrow and suffering too; but—but you have not told me that you love me."

"I do, Richard. I do, and you know that I do. I have never known a moment's wavering."

"I know, sweetheart. The sorrow and suffering are all over. They have done us no harm. We shall forget them. We shall not."

"Now, Mr. Green," said Mr. Pearllock as he entered the room again, "your time has come. Good-night to you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MURDERER.

On the next day Richard received word from Mr. Pearllock that he had already employed detective and that they had begun to follow the clue Richard himself had furnished. "I hope," Mr. Pearllock's letter continued, "that before long they will have something to report indicating some progress. In the meantime you must be patient and, above all, cautious. You must not attempt to see Mary and you must not come to me. Pray use the enclosed as you please. It will be easy enough for you to return it when your affairs are straightened out."

The enclosure was quite a large sum of money, far

too large it seemed to Richard for him to need or to be able to spend living in the modest way which was the only way for him under the circumstances.

Richard had now nothing to do but to wait as patiently as he could for further word from Mr. Pearllock. His days were very long; but hardest of all for him to bear was his inability to be with Mary. It was cruel, he thought, that now that he was in the same city with her he could not see her any more than he could all those weary days and nights when he was on the far Pacific. His days he spent pretty much in his own small rooms; but at night he wandered for hours through the streets of the city. He often walked to the neighborhood of Pearllock's house and sometimes he saw Mary enter or leave it; but he loyally did as he had been bidden, and he did not approach her. Then at other times he would go to his father's old house and again and again he would go over the route he had followed on the night of the murder. He remembered very well the house into which he had stumbled and where he had met with sudden death. He often looked curiously at it; but its windows, too, were always dark and there was never any sign of life about it.

Before long he received a note from Mr. Pearllock, who asked him briefly to let him know if he could give the number of this house. This Richard did, and then within a few days he received a further note. "It may not mean much," Mr. Pearllock wrote; "but it seems to me rather a curious coincidence that that house should be the property of Michael Bering. Is it not strange and pitiful that a house of his should have sheltered the murderer of his brother?"

Richard was not at all inclined to think well of his uncle and he was not sure that it was so strange. This mysterious house now had a great fascination for him and night after night he walked toward it and stood looking at it as though he would seek its secret and know all that it had to tell. One cold bright moonlight night Richard saw a man in the neighborhood whose peculiar actions attracted his attention, and every night thereafter he saw the same man at whatever time he happened to be there. He shuffled along the sidewalk hiding behind ash-barrels and the trees along the curb, or behind the wagons left standing in the street over night. At first Richard thought he must be a detective for it was plain that he too watched the same house, and he was amused at the care the man apparently took to avoid discovery. It was melodramatic and unreal. The man never seemed to notice Richard; but hid his face as he could from every passerby. Richard rather enjoyed the game of hide and seek the man and he was playing; but one night late he so managed that they met face to face under a gaslight. Richard knew the man at once although he was greatly changed. It was the murderer of his father. Richard caught him by his coat and bore him fiercely to the ground.

"Don't, don't, kill me," the man cried, unable to make any resistance.

"Don't kill you?" Richard said almost brutally. "Why not? Did you have any mercy on that old man that night?"

"Don't, don't," was all the man could say for then he broke into a violent fit of coughing, and he was so weak and so helpless that Richard pitied him and helped him to his feet.

"They robbed me, robbed me," Bakeman went on in broken sentences. "They robbed me and sent me out to freeze and starve. Look at me. See what I am. Have they robbed you, too?"

"Come with me," Richard said sharply and without more ado he took Bakeman's arm and led him unresistingly along until they met a cab. Into this he hurried him and they were driven to Mr. Pearllock's house. There, although it was very late, Richard rang and the door was opened by Mr. Pearllock himself who had apparently been roused from his first sleep by Richard's ring.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "What have you got here?"

"I have got him," Richard answered grimly, "the man who killed my father."

"You have, eh?" Mr. Pearllock broke out. "Let us look at him. Why what a pitiful looking scoundrel and—? And you, you've beaten all the detectives. Where did you find him?"

Richard told him briefly and in the meantime they led the man who seemed too ill and weak to care what was done with him into the house.

"Well," said Mr. Pearllock after a few minutes, "we must take him to the police."

"No," Richard answered. "Look at him! Death must rob us of him. Give him a place to sleep and I will watch him until the morning."

"You are right," Mr. Pearllock answered after a further inspection of the man. "You are right; but a grim watch you will have. We must beat death to-night at all events. Here give him some of this," and he brought brandy from a near by closet.

"In the morning I will get someone here to take his deposition, if we can get him to make it."

"I think we can beyond doubt," Richard said. "And at Richard's suggestion rugs were piled on the floor before the fire and upon them Jack Bakeman stretched himself and was soon asleep so beaten was he by fatigue and illness. All the night long Richard curbing his hatred sat motionless watching with wide open eyes this man who had caused him so much suffering and sorrow, and in the morning Mr. Pearllock, early awake, so found them.

"Well," said Richard as Mr. Pearllock entered, "he is still asleep."

"Well, let us waken him. He has slept long enough. We must get him in the hands of the police as quickly as possible."

"But you said you would have somebody here to take his deposition. Can you not manage it so? I will not let him out of my sight. I dare not. Look at him, too. I am not a doctor, but I cannot believe that his time is long, can you?"

Indeed, as Bakeman lay there, he was so emaciated and his face was so deeply lined and drawn that Richard's fear and wish for haste seemed only too well founded.

"I ought to have some influence," Mr. Pearllock said. "I will try. Can you keep him here?"

"Have no fear," Richard answered. "But hurry."

Mr. Pearllock quickly put on his overcoat and was gone. Richard locked the door and resumed his restless watch of the sleeping man. Once or twice Bakeman awoke and coughed violently for a few minutes but almost immediately he fell off into what seemed like slumber again. Before very long Mr. Pearllock returned bringing with him a short bustling gentleman with sharp aquiline features, whom he introduced to Richard as his friend Coroner Blooker. Then he turned to Richard and whispered:

"I have sent for your Uncle Michael. I think we are ready for him now."

Richard was about to express his disapproval and annoyance; but the coroner then, with a marked German emphasis but speaking very quickly, said:

"It is hard to be turned out of bed so early. I would not have come for anyone else. Is this the man?" he asked and he looked and looked critically at Bakeman. "Gracious! It looks as though it might be an ante-mortem statement. Come, wake up, and he shook the man roughly."

Bakeman roused himself and sitting up he supported himself on one arm and looked about him dazed and unknowingly. They gave him food and more brandy and before long he was able to speak. In disconnected sentences and with many pauses, Bakeman told, led on by the questions of the coroner, who was not at all skillful and greatly in need of counsel, all that had happened on that night so far as he knew. He told how he had broken a sidewalk by the lower door of the house, how he had pushed back and easily made his entrance; he told, too, how while he was busy at the desk Bering had suddenly come upon him, and without making any outcry, had grappled with him and tried to throw him to the floor. Then he had himself struck the old man with a heavy paper weight he found ready to his hand. Richard sat by holding himself in with difficulty. At last the too broken, too weak to resist, and then he went to another room to put the statement in writing. The Bakeman, supported by Mr. Pearllock, signed it and swore to its truth.

He was almost exhausted but Richard asked him, determined now to know all the truth:

"Why were you there? What did you come for? Was it money?"

"It, it was the will," Bakeman answered in a whisper.

"The will?" said Richard. "What did you want of the will?"

"He wanted it; he told me to get it. I did; I gave it to him. It was his house we lived in. He found us out. He knew us. We had to do as he said. And he robbed me and turned me loose to die."

"He? Who?" Richard asked.

"There, there," he answered in great excitement and he struggled to his feet, and Richard looking be-

hind him saw his Uncle Michael who had entered the room noiselessly. Bakeman took a step or two toward Michael Bering; but then he staggered and as a stream of bright red blood burst from his lips he fell back upon the floor dead.

"This is very interesting," Michael Bering said calmly. "I must thank you, Mr. Pearllock, for asking me to be present at so pleasant a scene."

Then he advanced toward Richard and extending his hand he said:

"So you have returned, Richard. I am glad to see you."

But Richard declined his proffered hand and then as Michael recognized the coroner who had returned and was now bending over the dead man, he continued:

"You have surrendered yourself I suppose, Richard. It was better to do it quietly in this way, much better."

Michael had been cool and his manner had been as quiet and he was as self-possessed as usual; but now Richard stepped toward him threateningly and for the first time he saw his uncle quail. Michael saw too plainly how strong Richard had grown and he knew that physically he was no match for him.

"Go," said Richard fiercely. "Go, before I strangle you."

"Stop, Richard," Mr. Pearllock said as he stepped forward. "Stop, I tell you."

Michael was plainly glad of the interference; but even now he seemed to fear some injury; but with a great effort he gained control of himself and turning to Mr. Pearllock he said:

"Mr. Pearllock, you sent for me. Why?"

"I thought we might need you," Mr. Pearllock answered, "but if you don't mind I will ask you to let me postpone my talk with you a few minutes."

"Certainly," said Michael his hand upon the door.

"Plainly, gentleman, Mr. Blooker said as he buttoned his overcoat, "you are not very fond of Mr. Michael Bering. Well, these family differences are not often an affair of mine. Sometimes, however, they do become so. I will give the necessary orders. Mr. Pearllock, for the removal of our friend here. You will not have much trouble."

As Mr. Blooker left the room Michael Bering whose composure had never been known to desert him before and who had regained it as soon as it was plain that he was not in bodily danger, said coolly to Mr. Pearllock:

"Your message led me to expect that you might have something at last to tell me of that wayward girl. Mary has disappeared you know, Richard."

"Any inquiries you choose to make concerning Mary you will please address to me," Richard replied.

"Very good and I fancy I shall know where to find you. Justice has long arms, Richard."

"Justice!" repeated Mr. Pearllock angrily, "the farther you keep from justice the better for you, Mr. Michael Bering."

"Indeed?" Michael said.

"Justice will bring you to the scaffold," Mr. Pearllock went on; "mercy may save you, if you ask it. We know, Richard and I, who sent Bakeman to your older brother's house. Here is his deposition," and Mr. Pearllock showed him the paper signed by Bakeman.

"Does he say there that I sent him?" Michael asked, a little frightened.

"No," Richard answered impulsively, "but he told us."

"Pshaw!" sneered Michael. "Perhaps you can cover your own tracks but I will leave you to complete your scheme."

"Go!" said Richard imperatively.

It was not difficult for Mr. Pearllock, with the evidence now in his possession, to so arrange with the proper authorities for the prompt settlement of the charge against Richard and within a few days he was formally discharged in court with the consent of the prosecuting officer who confessed that he had not any case with which to go to trial. When this was arranged they had leisure to think of other matters and once when they were alone Mary said suddenly:

"Dick, you suspect Uncle Michael, do you not? You think that he had something to do with your dear father's death?"

"I know that he had, Mary. This man, Bakeman, was sent to our house by him for some reason connected with father's will."

"Does anyone else know of the evidence against him?"

"Mr. Pearllock and I alone."

"I am so glad, and you will not do anything. He can be generous now can we not?"

"Generous?"

"Let him punish himself then; and I do not believe his punishment will be light," she replied confidently.



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THE NOBLE ST. BERNARD.



BEFORE the famous St. Gothard tunnel, which is nine miles long and connects Switzerland with Italy, was built, or even thought of, the noble monk, St. Bernard of Menthon built a hospice or refuge house near the highest point of the pass of the Great St. Bernard, eight thousand feet above sea level.

where with the famous breed of dogs which bear his name, he and his associates devoted their lives to the rescue of travelers and tourists lost in the bewildering snow-storms. This hospital, which as near as can be learned was founded about the year A.D. 962, is said to have been built upon the foundation of an old monastery, and has since given way to more pretentious buildings, which are not only the highest dwellings in Europe, but capable of sheltering hundreds of travelers. Every morning these dogs were sent out in pairs—one old and one young—to roam over the mountains in search of perishing travelers. Their enormous size and strong constitutions, coupled with the fact that they were bred in this region of perpetual snow enabled them to brave the furious storms, snow-slides and avalanches. With small casks of stimulating liquors swinging from their collars and warm blankets strapped upon their shoulders, they would scour the passes in every direction, for the relief of persons whom they might find. With almost human instinct and sagacity these dogs rarely failed to discover lost tourists, and have been frequently known to dig deep into snow-drifts and rouse from stupor the exhausted and half-frozen travelers, announcing their discovery by powerful baying to the listening monks. One dog is credited with saving over seventy lives.

With the advance of civilization the monk and his dog have passed from the scene of their triumphs in Switzerland—railroads affording safe transportation for travelers—but as a custodian of our homes and guardian of our children the St. Bernard will always be a valued servant and friend; for of late years in America as in Europe the breeding of these magnificent dogs has not only become a fancy, but a substantial industry. Their pedigrees are registered and preserved with the utmost care, and enormous sums are paid for pure-blooded specimens. The patience, mildness and sagacity of the St. Bernard is well illustrated by the beautiful head of Madam Bedevere which is here given. She is owned by the Menthon



Kennels, Phoenixville, Pa., and is the sister of Sir Bedevere of the Wyoming Kennels, near Boston, the most famous prize-winner of the present day and valued at over ten thousand dollars. He has never been defeated at a dog-show. The illustration which heads this article is of Rex Withington, a near relative of this dog, and owned by Ed. W. Robinson, the artist of the Lakeside Press, Portland, Maine.

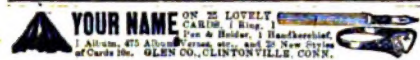
The largest St. Bernard in America, and perhaps in the world, Lord Bute, who stood nearly four feet in height, died last month at the Menthon Kennels. In addition to his huge size, he was well-nigh perfect in markings and color, and might often be seen passing about Phoenixville, entirely unattended, carrying about his neck a small cask in which he collected subscriptions for charitable objects. He weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds and his original cost was four thousand dollars.

The chief characteristics of the thoroughbred St. Bernard are orange or orange-tawny color, white blaze or nose-band and with chest, legs and tip of tail white with black shadings. Their coat is glossy but not curly; tail straight with slight upward curl at tip. Massive forelegs, great bone and girth. Eyes deep brown, gentle expression, and remarkably good disposition.

25c. for a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS worth a guinea

PILES CURE FREE!

A new, certain, painless cure for all forms of piles; gives immediate relief, and permanent cure. To prove it we will send a trial package Free to any one for stamps. Address
PYRAMID DRUG CO., Albion, Mich.



RUPTURE A positive radical Cure at home. (Sealed) Book giving full particulars Sent Free. Address
DR. W. S. RICE, Box C, Smithville, Jeff. Co., N. Y.

MEN WANTED

To test a Positive Cure for Nervousness and all Similar Diseases. So great is our faith in our Specific, we will send One Full Month's Medicine and much Valuable Information FREE.
G. M. CO., 835 Broadway, New York City.

Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask

(OR FACE GLOVE).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE CLAIMS MADE FOR MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK, AND THE GROUNDS ON WHICH IT IS RECOMMENDED TO LADIES FOR BEAUTIFYING, BLEACHING, AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION:

- 1st. The Mask is Soft and Pliable and can be Easily Applied and Worn without Discomfort or Inconvenience.
- 2d. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.
- 3d. It has been Analyzed by Eminent Scientists and Chemical Experts, and pronounced Perfectly Pure and Harmless.
- 4th. With ordinary care the Mask will Last for Years, and its valuable properties Never Become Impaired.
- 5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only Genuine article of the kind.
- 6th. It is Recommended by Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men, as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.
- 7th. The Mask is as Unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face as day is to night, and it bears no analogy to them.
- 8th. The Mask may be worn with Perfect Privacy if desired. The Closest Scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.
- 9th. It is a Natural Beautifier for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin and Removing Complexional Imperfections.
- 10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and one purchase ends the expense.
- 11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.
- 12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.
- 13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly, and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.
- 14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be Worn During Sleep, it may be applied with equally good results, at Any Time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.
- 15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

TRADE MARK
Reg'd

The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face.
TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled."

"It is indeed a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the Mask but two weeks, and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin, there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."

"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections, I know of nothing so good."

"I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."

"The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."

"I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."

"A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."

"The improvement in my complexion is truly marvellous."

"After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."

"My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is all that can be desired."

"It does even more than is claimed for it."

"I have been relieved of a muddy, greasy complexion, after trying all kinds of cosmetics without success."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

WRINKLES,

and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Famous society ladies, actresses, belles, etc., use it. VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, with proofs and full particulars mailed free by

THE TOILET MASK COMPANY, 1174 Broadway, New York.

Apply NOW, while you have our address before you, as this advertisement appears only occasionally. Please mention THE COMFORT.



GRANDEST OFFER EVER MADE

FOR ONE DOLLAR you can have this machine sent to you anywhere for a FREE TRIAL

No sewing machine like this was ever advertised in a paper before. They can only be found in the best retail stores, where they sell for \$65.00.

DON'T COMPARE THIS MACHINE

with those advertised as premiums or by circular or catalogue.

WE ARE THE ONLY HOUSE That ever offered the HIGHEST GRADE MACHINE made direct to families.

We have discontinued our agencies, and in order to start trade direct with families for 30 days, we offer our very finest machine at about one-third the former retail price, and on terms more liberal than machines were ever sold.

DESCRIPTION OF MACHINE

Our Alvah extra high arm, special high grade, is the latest improved, lightest running, easiest operating, best constructed, best materialized machine made. Every desirable feature found in other well known modern style machines is found in the Alvah. It has every latest improvement made, having the advantages of all machines with the defects of none. Has positive feed, no springs being required in its operation. The needle bar is round, with adjustable bearings packed with felt, insuring great wear and can be run for a long time without oil. It has a dip motion, is self-threading, both upper and lower, and acts automatically; uses a double thread and makes the lock stitch. The shuttle is self-threading and can be threaded in the dark. The needle is self-setting, best tension. At the finishing of each stitch both threads are drawn firmly and locked in the center of the goods. It has a loose hand wheel for winding the bobbin without running balance of the machine, and has automatic bobbin winder. All the parts subject to wear are made out of the finest STEEL and HARDENED and so well fitted that the machine can be run at the highest rate of speed without injury or danger of getting out of order. For beauty, appearance and elegance of finish the ALVH HAS NO EQUAL. The woodwork is handsomely constructed either in solid antique oak or black walnut, with five drawers, drop leaf and gothic cover as shown in cut. The iron stand is the strongest and best constructed ever used in a machine. The limited space will not permit our describing the many special advantages of the Alvah, but in short we guarantee it the best machine made. With every machine we send free a triple set of extra finished attachments, which combine the attachments given with other machines with many special ones not heretofore offered. Our free book of instructions makes it easy for even a child to operate it.

OUR SPECIAL GRAND OFFER.

Cut this advertisement out and send to us with one dollar (\$1.00) and we will send the machine to you C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine the machine thoroughly and if found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, pay your agent the balance on our SPECIAL THIRTY DAY CUT PRICE, \$22.50 and take the machine, otherwise DON'T PAY A CENT, but let the agent return it AT OUR EXPENSE.

EXTRA INDUCEMENT FOR CASH Where cash in full, (\$23.50) accompanies the order we PREPAY ALL CHARGES and deliver the machine to you ABSOLUTELY FREE.

REMEMBER if any machine is not found exactly as represented by the conditions of our ironclad binding 10-year guarantee, we are bound to refund every cent of your money. THIS OFFER WILL NEVER APPEAR AGAIN. DON'T WAIT TO WRITE. ORDER TO-DAY. Address ALVH MANUFACTURING CO., 170 West Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

The above firm is perfectly reliable and offer a wonderful bargain on most liberal terms. Every reader who needs a machine should take advantage of this great opportunity.—Editor.

FREE

We will send you a VALUABLE BOOK on Nervous Diseases. Address San Mateo Med. Co., P. O. Box 481, St. Louis, Mo.

RUPTURE CURED.

WITH our Improved Elastic Truss. Worn with ease night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Send for pamphlet.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 822 & 824 Broadway, Cor. 12th St., New York.

MEN WANTED

To try a Prescription which I will send Free to any sufferer. A sure cure for Nervous Weakness and all broken down in health and strength. Address with stamp L. A. BRADLEY, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

YOUNG MEN & WOMEN who wish to earn \$20 to \$50 every week, write us and we will explain how. Easy employment at home. Address JATTOON & CO., Oswego, N. Y.

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Disorders treated by mail SUCCESSFULLY IMPROVED methods. Prescription sent free. Address, L. S. FRANKLIN, Music dealer, Marshall, Mich.

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and OVERSEER To hire and oversee men and represent a manufacturing Co. who want branch offices. We pay office rent, advertising and traveling expenses. Position permanent, good salary, no peddling, no canvassing. Experience not necessary as you act under our instructions. You must be known in your location and furnish references if required. Address with stamp The Bradenburgh Bldg. Co., 406 W. Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

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DRUNKENNESS FREE RECIPE FOR THE SURE AND SECRET CURE OF THE ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO CURSE. Tasteless, Harmless and Certain. Prescription sent FREE to wives or friends of inebriates, or Tobacco users. A marvelous success in even advanced cases. Inclose stamp. Can be given secretly in coffee, etc. Dr. HIRAM COOK, 12 Park Row, New York.



COUSIN MOLLIE.
MIXED PICKLES.
300 small cucumbers, 4 green peppers sliced

RUTH PARKTON.



Modern invention is always making startling improvements and the latest thing just brought out is for the young people who live away from the large cities. We have just secured sale of a new kind of dolls that are *absolutely indestructible*, and we show you in this cut here how they look. They are 18 inches tall and made of elegant colored goods. In getting this doll up we have overcome the great trouble of weight which has made such a cost in the past, when shipping by mail, or express. These dolls are so constructed that you fill them with cotton, hair or sawdust, sewing them up after receiving; it takes but a few minutes to do this and you save at least one dollar and get a pretty substantial doll for almost nothing. They will last for years and be a joy forever to any miss who desires her own sweet self. To introduce our goods Morse & Co. will send one doll for 13c. or 2 for 25c., or give one free with a 6 month subscription, or for a club of 2 yearly 25c. subscribers will deliver one free.

BEAUTIFUL AND PROFITABLE WORK.

KENSINGTON STAMPING was *never* more popular than to-day. Many ladies making high wages home at home, odd hours. Besides beautifying your own home, you can turn out 100 or 150 a day for 10 minutes your stamp for others. If you only devote 3 hours a day to it, the small capital of \$5 and over comes in, as the prices range from 5c. to \$1 for each pattern you stamp. An inventive genius has lately modernized the old machinery for turning out these patterns by the hundred yards as fast as you can stamp. The cost of the machine and their cost is barely *nothing* to what it was last year. We send you the patterns on strips about two feet long and seven inches wide, and you can stamp as many as you like. They are sold. We buy so many of this one \$2c. and \$1 ones now being sold. We have a large stock of the patterns, and you can order your dealer on price. Our beautiful combined outfit consisting of nearly 100 of the largest variety of patterns, each from about a foot long and to single alphabet letters. We cannot describe them, not having space to do so, but we will send you to introduce our magazine, "**Comfort**," with its greatly improved departments, we will send the above outfit, free, by postpaid, to all the agents we make known. We will send you a new book or Manual of Instruction in the *art* of stamping, and printed. It describes how to make all colors of powder, and instructs you in every manner of working the patterns. If you enclose 10¢ to us, we will make you a copy of the

MORSE & CO., Box 11 Augusta, Maine.

A black and white photograph of a piece of white lace fabric. The fabric features a repeating diamond or lattice pattern, where each diamond is formed by a series of interlocking loops and knots. The lace is set against a dark, solid background, which makes the intricate white pattern stand out. The top edge of the fabric shows a slightly different, more delicate lace border. The overall texture appears fine and detailed.

10 days we will also send 6 pieces of elegant PLUSH FREE. They come in Red, Blue, Green, Old Gold, etc,

THE MYSTIC CASTLE.

MY DEAR MYSTIC FRIENDS:
No doubt you are greatly surprised at the changed appearance of "The Mystic Castle," and that a little space is devoted to it. The Editor of COMFORT informs me that it is necessary to curtail our department on account of lack of space and as we present so few mysteries it is thought best to offer but one prize for solution. To the first sending complete solution will be sent a Flashman's Outfit. Contest closes October 1, 1922. Solutions and prize-winners in November. "Mystic Castle" Oldcastle hopes that the change is not permanent and that soon the customary space can be allowed us for our interesting and instructive pastime—making and solving the "Intricate Knots from Puzzledom."

A hearty greeting is extended to all, especially those who have lately joined our ranks. Oldcastle would like to chat with each separately, but it would require too much space; so, let each one take this greeting to himself or herself, as a special welcome from their dear old mystic friend.

Solvers will kindly date their lists of solutions, also sign their right name and address every time they write; in sending puzzles for publication, be sure to affix the same to each contribution. Address all communications concerning "The Mystic Castle" to Oldcastle, Comfort, Utica, N. Y.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS: Sol Ver. 8. Bill Queer 6. Ajax 6. Cowboy 3. Calo 3. So So 2. Rokeby 2. Aspiro, Nosne Benson, Ypsie, one each.

SOLVERS TO MAY'S MYSTERIES: Complete.—N. Igma, Eglantine, W. E. Wiatt, Sphinx and Hercules.

Incomplete: Doc 13. Waldemar 12. Harold 12. Thinker P. A. Stime, Ypsie and Frank, 11. Ed Ward 10. Arty Fishel, Phil and F. I. Dont, 9. Blanc, So So and Aspiro, 8. Remardo, Beb, Reb, C. E. Bechtel and Ray, 7. Calo 6. Frank Pratt 5. Ajax 4. Agricola, Nosne Benson and Tyro, 3. R. O. Chester & Lucile, S. Payne, R. Ebus and Eugene, 2. Frank, K. Sebring and Fanny, one each.

Prize-Winners: 1. N. Igma. 2. Eglantine. 3. W. E. Wiatt.

Specials: 1. Harold. 2. S. Payne. No. 305 Fancy. Hoping to receive many lists of solutions to the small batch of "Mysteries" below, and to hear often from all of the mystic friends, I remain as ever,

Your dear old mystic friend,

OLDCASTLE.

SOLUTIONS TO MAY'S MYSTERIES.

No. 303. 1. A. 2. HEN. 3. BORES. 4. SIROCCO. 5. HORN-STONE. 6. AEROSTATION. 7. NECTAREAN. 8. SCOTERS. 9. ONIAS. 10. EON. 11. N. N. No. 304. 1. APARAS. 2. MODALE. 3. ILAVLA. 4. NIGROT. 5. ETERNE. 6. SSESSED. No. 305. Ortolan. No. 306. Field-equip-age. No. 307. 1. SASSAFRAS. 2. ASTEROID. 3. STARRED. 4. SERAIS. 5. ARRIIS. 6. POES. 7. JUD. 8. AD. 9. S. No. 308. Mystic Band. No. 309. Isat. No. 310. The hair. No. 311. A looking-glass. No. 312. Mount Demavend. No. 313. 1. R. 2. CAB. 3. CAMON. 4. RAMESES. 5. BOROR. 6. NER. 7. S. No. 314. 1. C. 2. BET. 3. CANED. 4. CENTRES. 5. BANNERETS. 6. CENTENARIAN. 7. TERRACING. 8. DEERING. 9. STING. 10. SAG. 11. N. No. 315. Comfort-able. No. 316. To-me.

MYSTERIES.

No. 333. Numerical.

Get out your map, a sea port town,
Upon a certain coast is found;
Eight letters give the name.
From 1 to 4 may we retreat,
Perchance these beasts we hap to meet,
Except when very tame.
Near 5 to 8 is sometimes seen,
The boy and girl, just sweet sixteen,
Perhaps it's Tom and Jane.
Rockport, Me.

F. I. DONT.

No. 334. Synecopation.

First in the flush of victory fell,
Second did erst in England dwell;
Third, also a Briton, you know well.
Now can you not the answer tell?
Osage Mission, Kansas.

U. TELLE.

Dyspepsia! New Cure!

A new and positive cure has been discovered in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. So great is the faith of the proprietors that it will cure any form of Dyspepsia or indigestion, that they will send a Free Trial Package to any sufferer who will send stamps for postage. Address, F. A. STUART CO., Marshall, Mich.

500 SCRAP PICTURES, AUTO, VEHICLES & RIDDLES FREE

REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 10c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 326, Kansas City, Mo.

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\$1500. A year to agents, either sex. Send 10c. for sample. J. MILLER, Adams Express Bldg, Chicago, Ill.

SILK and SATIN. Large pkgs., beautiful pieces, 10 cts. 4 lots and pkgs. FLOSS, 30 cts. C. SILK MILL, Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

BICYCLE TO BOY AND GIRLS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE ON EASY CONDITIONS. WITHOUT COST OF MONEY. Western Pearl Co., 304 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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IN OPIUM. Or any other drug has got the best of you, send to THE WARDEN INSTITUTION, Cincinnati, O., and receive a never-failing cure FREE BY MAIL.

ASTHMA. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases. Cures when all others fail. Remedy MAILED FREE. Address Doctor Fredow, Box 540, Augusta, Maine.

STAMMERING. CURED BY MAIL. Address J. M. JONES, P.O. Box 1602, N. Y.

PORTRAITS. PICTURE FRAMES. Lowest Prices. Outfit FREE. Good Salary. Write to-day and secure general agency. Catlg. FREE. ROBT. JOHNS, Mfr., Dept. 6, 61 & 63 S. May St., Chicago.

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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by PEEK'S Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. HUSCO, 558 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

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FREE SEND 4 CENTS IN POSTAGE. A book of your hair, name, age and sex and I will send you a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease free. Address DR. C. E. BATDORF, Mechanicsville, Iowa.

NO GOOD. Housekeeper ought to be without an ASBESTOS FLAT IRON HOLDER. ALWAYS COOL. Use it and DON'T BURN YOUR FINGERS. Mailed for 15 cts. 5 for 75 cts. Sells at sight. Send for new catalogue. AGENTS WANTED. H. ASBESTOS NOVELTY MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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PARALYSIS CURED without medicine. Rheumatism, Spinal Diseases and Dropsy easily cured. Add. Dr. C. I. THACHER, 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago, for a valuable book FREE to all.

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A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY. Dr. Cheenil's Electric Spay Cure positively removes Bone Spavin, Ringbone, Splint or Curb in 48 hours without pain, \$500 reward for failure or slightest injury. The greatest wonder of the Nineteenth Century astonishing us it does the entire veterinary world. Circulars and testimonials free. Nichols Mfg. Co., 378 Canal St., New York.

CUT THIS OUT and return it to us with 10 cents, silver or stamps, and we will insert your name in our Agents' Directory. You will get thousands of Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties, etc., from publishers and manufacturers who want agents. DON'T MISS THIS! WESTERN MAIL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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\$15.00 Buys a Gent's Gold-Filled (STEM WIND) WATCH (COMPLETE) with Elgin or Waltham Movement. Guaranteed to wear 15 years. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination before paying for same. Address C. R. BLAKELY, Bradford, McKean Co., Pa.

IMPROVED HALL TYPEWRITER. The best and most simple machine made. Interchangeable Type into all languages. Durable, easiest running, rapid as any. Endorsed by the Clergy and literary people. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Well wanted. Address N. Typewriter Co., 611 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

A BIG OFFER. 50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! If you will hang up in the P. O., or some public place, the two show bills that we send, we will give you a car, and send it in advance with samples and bills. This will trouble you about one minute, and then if you want to work on salary at \$50 or \$100 per month, let us know. We pay in advance. GIANT OXIE CO., 123 Willow St., Augusta, Me.

\$2.50. HE PAYS THE EXPRESS. Our Midsummer Offer. THE TIGER WATCH and Stem Wind. Join Nickel Case. Elegantly Engraved by our own workmen (open face) cut shows back of case, with Fine Lever Movement of the latest make. GUARANTEED perfect timer and retails at 3 times the price we ask. CUT THIS OUT and send with your order and watch will be sent you by express C. O. D. sub-press expense of money and time making out the C. O. D. and we send FREE a fine Gold Plated Chain that retails for \$1.00. W. F. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 307 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES. IT'S FREE! to examine. We are the first and only house to offer a genuine American gold filled hunting case, fitted with a first-class stem wind and set movement, that will keep good time for \$6.50. This watch is a stem wind damasked nickel movement highly finished, richly jeweled, and adjusted to keep the most accurate time, and warranted three years. A guarantee is given that the case will hold its fine gold color 18 years. No other firm sells such a watch for \$6.50, some appear to, but they do not say the case will hold color. Ours will. 10,000 of these watches were suddenly thrown on the market at a reduced price, we secured them to air up-doll trade. If you send full amount (\$6.50) with your order, we will send by Registered Mail, and include as a free gift a fine gold plated chain. No chain sent with C. O. D. orders, as we cannot afford to do it and pay C. O. D. charges. State whether ladies or gents case is wanted. KIRKLAND BROS. & CO., 62 Fulton St., N. Y.

ARGUMENT. THE AMERICAN COMPANY, of Jersey City, N. J., have undertaken to guarantee to their Advertising patrons a total circulation for their various papers of not less than ONE MILLION. This means an addition of 500,000 to our present lists. It has been said that to secure a half million new subscribers in six months is a business impossibility. This is probably true by ordinary or common methods, but NOT TRUE when the effort is associated with the kind of enterprise that appears in this prospectus. Five hundred thousand new subscribers will mean to us more than \$500,000 of advertising revenues during the next five years. We can afford to pay for them at least half their value to us. We are willing to do even more than this, if necessary, and to that end have originated the fairest and most ingenious plan of distributing Cash Premiums or Rewards of Merit among new subscribers that the world has ever known. The plan or method is in conflict with no law against lotteries or schemes of similar kind; it involves nothing that is illegal or immoral; it places a premium on brains; it is, in short, the very essence of what is commendable, honest, liberal and attractive.

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For CORRECT ANSWERS to ANY ONE of the following Ten Word-Riddles the American Publishing Company will pay the following

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For a correct answer to any TWO words, \$50.00
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For a correct answer to any SEVEN words, \$175.00
For a correct answer to any EIGHT words, \$200.00
For a correct answer to any NINE words, \$225.00
For a correct answer to all of the TEN words, \$250.00

As SPECIAL GRAND REWARDS we will Pay in Cash:

For the FIRST correct answer to ALL of the entire Ten words, \$5,000
For the SECOND correct answer to ALL of the entire Ten words, \$3,000
For the THIRD correct answer to ALL of the entire Ten words, \$2,000

Here are the Ten Word-Riddles—Can You Solve Any of Them?

1	B-r-n--	A NAME MADE FAMILIAR BY GREAT ADVERTISING TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WHO HAS EVER VISITED A CIRCUS.
2	-ea-ty	A CHARMING QUALITY WHEN POSSESSED BY WOMEN, THAT ATTRACTS THE ADMIRATION AND OFTEN WINS THE LOVE OF MEN.
3	Bl---e	WAS NOT CONSIDERED DESIRABLE AT THE MINNEAPOLIS NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION BY A MAJORITY OF THE DELEGATES.
4	-le-----	SERVED TO DEFEAT JAMES G. BLAINE FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1884.
5	-ol---	THAT WHICH YOU CAN SECURE TO THE AMOUNT OF \$5,000 IF YOU WIN THE FIRST PRIZE HEREIN OFFERED.
6	-r-ss-	THAT WHICH WOMEN KNOW HOW TO WEAR TO BETTER ADVANTAGE THAN MOST MEN.
7	-i-ht	SOMETHING WHICH JOHN L. SULLIVAN, CORBETT, JACKSON, SLAVIN AND OTHER BIG FIGHTERS EXCEL IN.
8	-ar-i--n	OCCUPIES THE MOST RESPONSIBLE AND FOREMOST POSITION CONNECTED WITH THE GOVERNMENT AND PROTECTION OF THE PEOPLE AGAINST FOREIGN OR HOSTILE NATIONS.
9	-ict--e	THAT WHICH PLEASES OR SATISFIES THE EYE AND WHICH, IF ARTISTICALLY EXECUTED, ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION AND EXCITES THE ADMIRATION OF LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.
10	Que-Vic----	PROBABLY CONSIDERED OF GREATER CONSEQUENCE AND MORE SOUGHT AFTER BY THE EXCLUSIVE AND TITLED ENGLISH NOBILITY THAN BY THE AVERAGE BUSY, HUSTLING AMERICAN.

Explanation. Each dash appearing in the partially spelled words indicates the absence of a certain letter, and when the proper letters are supplied the original word selected to form each riddle will be found complete. EXAMPLE: If r--e, something every farmer should possess. In this case the omitted letters are a and s, and when properly inserted the completed word is HORSE.

REWARDS paid in cash the VERY DAY any answer is found to be correct.

Each answer will be numbered as received, to be examined in the order of its number, and when found correct a New York Certified Bank Check for the full amount of whatever reward such correct answer secures will be sent the VERY DAY the award is made.

REMEMBER If you only solve one word you will receive \$20 in Cash; you are not confined to any particular word—any one of the entire ten will bring you a \$20 cash reward—while if you are bright enough to solve more than one your reward will be increased in proportion from \$50 to \$250. Also remember that you do not have to be first, or last with your answer. EVERY correct answer for even a single word wins a splendid cash reward.

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The object of this extraordinary offer is, of course, to secure subscribers at once and in large numbers. We therefore require that 50 cents for a year's subscription to some one of our papers shall be remitted with every answer. We publish four great papers: The American Fireside, The American Homestead, The American Household Journal, and The American Cottage Home. Name your choice of any one of the four—they are all the same price, 50c. a year. If you send answers to more than one word you must send a separate name and 50c. for every word you answer. Thus, if you send answers to two words, send an extra name besides your own and so on—one name and 50c. for a year's subscription for each word you answer. The total amount of cash rewards that you receive for correct answers can be divided pro rata among the list, or you can keep it all, just as you arrange between yourself and those whose names you send. In every case we will pay the full amount of the reward for correct answers to the person who sends the names.

Don't send answers without subscriptions—they will receive no attention and cannot possibly win a reward even if correct.

Protection. As a means to guard against irregularity or collusion, a copy of the original ten words selected to make up the above Word-Riddles is deposited with Mr. C. P. SMITH, Superintendent of the Jersey City Police Department, under seal, to be opened December 31, 1922, in the presence of witnesses, after this contest closes. The complete list will be printed in full in the January issues of our four papers, so that all who have not received rewards for correct answers will know wherein they failed. This method of protection is due to all concerned, and absolutely prevents everything that is not wholly honest and fair to every subscriber.

Designate the words you answer by their numbers, and be wise and send your answer at once.

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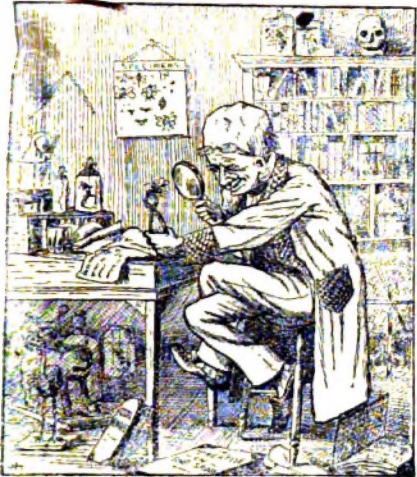


MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Don't you think the weather is almost too hot to talk much? I think of you all enjoying yourselves at the sea shore, in the mountains, or at some pleasant country home, and I have no desire to disturb your peace of mind by lecturing you on any subject whatever. You all remember the little talk I gave you early in the summer about keeping your eyes open through your vacation, and by and by, when Jack Frost has covered all the trees and flowers with a white blanket, and all the birds and bugs have moved away or gone South to spend the winter, I shall hope to have some reports of what you have seen. If any of you have discovered a way to keep the ants out of the flower-beds, I wish you would make it known; they are eating my flowers all up. And by the way, ants are curious little creatures; it will pay you to study them a little.

Who can tell me why toads come out when it rains? A toad is a great institution in a garden, did you know that? The French gardeners buy them by the dozen for that purpose. Perhaps they would eat my ants, I did not think of that! I will catch the next fine fat one that I see sunning himself on my gravel walk, and introduce him to the ants' nests.

Dear Aunt Minerva—I guess you are tired of me writing to COMFORT. But Auntie I come for some useful purpose now—that is, to tell the cousins not to think hard of me for not answering all of their letters, for you know I asked for a correspondent from every State; when I asked I didn't know how much was implied in those few words, but I certainly know now. I beg the pardon of every one who feels the least hurt with me for not answering their letters. And will say to the other cousins to "think three times" before they ever ask such a thing. We (my two chums and myself) went to the spring at the school-house to gather wild flowers; we found blue and white violets, honeysuckles, daisies, forget-me-nots, etc. Which combined made a very pretty bouquet. I wish I could send some of them to Auntie, for I don't suppose you all have any wild flowers blooming yet, (April, 12, 1892.) have you? I wish all of you could see our path to school, both sides of it is covered in violets the blooms of which are sometimes as large as a 25 cent piece. Now you Northern people can't boast of violets that large, can



HANDLED WITH CARE.

Professor Huxley Darwin Jones
A learned man was he,
He studied bugs and birds and bones
Until he scarce could see.
And many mighty books he wrote
Which no one ever read.
Though he himself could glibly quote
Whole pages it is said.
Quoth he, "The smallest subject, sir,
If but a common bee,
When taken up for study, sir,
I handle carefully."

you? Oh, cousins! I have such a sad story to tell you, my poor little dog Trot died last June and I am so lonesome without him; when I come home from school there is no little dog to meet me at the gate and Saturday there is no Trot to beg me to go rabbit hunting with him; and I have to sit in the house all day long, which doesn't suit my nature at all, for I guess you all know by my other letter that I am called a "tom-boy." I don't object to the name for I know I am not a "prim sit still" person but just the opposite. Mama tells me I am too large to be chasing rabbits over the fields but I cannot help it when one jumps up before. Trot and I used to have jolly times after them for he did the barking and I the running. I enjoy hunting rabbits but do not want to catch them, that is the reason I trained my dog to do the barking while I did the running, for I knew I couldn't catch one if I tried ever so hard. Auntie, do you approve of "tom-boys"? And don't you think you would like to go to one of my kind of hunter? Now I want some more of the "tom-boy" cousins to come and help me out for I don't want to be the only one on the list because I feel embarrassed to be all alone.

Your loving niece,
IRA STOKES, Strouds, Ga.

Do I like "tom-boys"? Well, that depends on what you mean by that term. I do not like to see a girl coarse and rough and hoydenish, talking slang, and destitute of politeness. But I do like to see a girl interested in out-of-door sports, bright and full of life, ready to run a race with her dog, play a game of tennis, or even climb a tree if there is anything at the top to reward her efforts! Does that answer your question, my dear?

"I live 1 3/4 miles from a small village named North Creek on a nice farm of 80 acres. The country is quite new, and was once the camping-ground of the Indians, as we often find their relics. Not many miles from here is Fort Defiance, where mad Anthony Wayne fought the red men. I am 14 years old, and would like some of the cousins of my age to write to me."
CARLTON SIMONS,
North Creek, Putnam Co., Ohio."

"I live in the northeastern part of Colorado, 50 miles from the Rocky Mts., and about the same distance from Denver. The principal products are wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn and potatoes. Alfalfa is also extensively raised here. The crops are raised by irrigation, for there is seldom any rain here; we get our water from the South Platte river, 11-12 miles away. Here the sun shines nearly the year around. There are a great many cattle out on the range. The range cattle live out on the prairie all winter. I am a farmer's daughter 11 years old. I ride after our cows every night, so that makes me among the cattle

a good deal. Would like to correspond with some one of my age. NINA C. SEARLES, Greeley, Colo."

What a beautiful place to live, where the sun always shines! Yet I should not like to go so far for water on a hot day, nor in the cold storms of winter. Some clouds and rain are best, after all, in the sky as well as in our lives.

"I am a boy 14 years old. I go to school in the fall and winter, and in spring and summer I help raise corn, pumpkins, and garden truck. I live near the great Natural Tunnel over Stock Creek; this bridge was made when the world was made. It is 480 feet high, and 600 yards through. The people have built a railroad through this tunnel, and a few days ago a rock as large as a house fell from the roof and mashed up a car and hurt a great many men. I wish the cousins could see this place; there is most everything here that you can think of, strange wild flowers, and in the tunnel are salts, and nitre, and fossil fish, and many other curious things. We children make collections of these things. Would like to hear from the other cousins about their collections."
EMERY NOELL, Pattonville, Va."

"Was the bridge 'made when the world was made,' Emery? Some day when you study geology, perhaps you will not think so. At least, you will think it nearer the truth to say 'when the world was being made.'"

"I am 12 years old. My pets are numerous. I have 4 cats; 2 are red, and the others are three-colored. I have a nice little dog who is so fat he can hardly run, a gray rabbit, 2 pet sheep, a white chicken with a top-knot so big she can scarcely see, and 2 birds. When I have nothing else to do, I go out in the orchard, sit in my hammock, and do some fancy-work which I learn from Busy Bee's department; I think that department is very nice. Now a word about our city. It is beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Michigan; it has 20,000 inhabitants and is growing faster than any city in the State. The principal occupation is manufacturing. One of our furniture factories, known as Mattoon's, is the largest of the kind in the world. They sent a special train of 40 cars to St. Louis, all laden with furniture. The train was gaily decorated with flags and banners, and only moved in the daytime, so that people along the line might see it. MOLLY KAESTER, Sheboygan, Wisc."

How do those 4 cats, 2 birds, rabbit, and chicken, get along together without a tragedy? I should think they would be liable to be like the lion and the lamb—you know they lay down together, but the lamb was inside the lion!

"I live in Penn., and think it is the 'dearest spot on earth.' We are 2 1/2 miles from Mammoth, where 168 men were killed in the great explosion, Jan. 26, 1891. I never want to experience such a time again. There were dead lying all around. There had to be guards around the pit to keep the women from running down in the shaft. I am not ashamed to sign my real name; wish some of the cousins would write to me."
ALICE G. JOHNSON, Box 2, Kecksburg, Penn."

"I am 12 years old, and live in Wyoming, near the Big Horn Mts., the peaks of which are covered with snow the year around. I have one pet, a little Indian pony; his name is Ingen. It is 3 miles to the nearest school-house, but everybody goes on horseback out here, and my sister and I ride too in the summer; but there is no school in the winter, as it is too cold weather. ALICE E. HARRINGTON, Kearney, Wyo."

Here is a neatly printed letter from one of my very little folks.

Dear Aunt Minerva—I am going to write you a letter. I am 5 years old. I wash the dishes, help cook, take care of sister, and wait on mama when she is sick. I can read in the Third Reader. I have no books; won't some of the cousins send me some old ones? I never had a spelling book.
LOUIE E. JONES, Sarepta, Miss.

You are a real little "house-mother," taking care of sister, and helping mama. How did you ever learn to write and spell so well, with no books? I hope the cousins will send you some.

"You asked us to send you our ideas in regard to forming a club of our own. I think it would be an excellent idea. Now, boys and girls, get a move on yourselves, and let Auntie have some suggestions on the subject, and probably we can organize one. I am a boy 15 years old, and my home is in Pittsburg, Penn., the great coal, iron and steel centre. Like most boys, I have a hobby, and it is the growing of cacti. I would like to correspond with anyone interested in this subject, also with boys in Colo. Ariz. or New Mex."
R. G. PEMBERTON,
160 Industry St., Pittsburg, Penn."

"I am a school boy 12 years old. I think very much of COMFORT; my mother thinks that Cousin Ceres' receipts are worth the price of the paper. I like the Busy Bee corner, although I am a boy. Some boys at school say I am part girl, as I daub paint a little, and make dolls' dresses, etc. Good-bye, and success to COMFORT."
ORVILLE WILLIAMSON,
West Township, N. Y."

Don't be a "girl-boy," Orville, whatever you do! I like to see boys quiet and well behaved in the house, and don't mind their being interested in fancy work; but at your age I think you would be better off out-of-door playing ball, than in the house making dolls' dresses.

Dear Aunt and Cousins—I have such good news that I cannot keep from writing. It has been some time since I wrote last, and I want to tell you about mother. She has been sick and afflicted for 13 years, and had almost lost her trust in God. But I got so many good letters from the cousins that she began to think; she read COMFORT, and now she is happy. That is a big word, Auntie, it means a good deal. Then she has been taking Orlen which she saw advertised in COMFORT, and it has almost entirely cured her of the bad nervous spells she used to have. She only had a little, about 30c. worth. So we are all happy now over the good COMFORT has done us. I want to thank the cousins for the nice flower seeds sent me, and I got some pretty books too.
JAMES M. LOVELESS, Claremore, Ind. Ter.

"I am very fond of reading, and would like to find

out where 'The Life of the James Boys' or 'The Boy Trappers' are published, so if any of the cousins can tell me, I would be very glad. Hubbard is a growing little city of about 3,000 inhabitants. Our schools are excellent; there are 7 churches and 2 public schools. The high school course is one of 4 years, and I am in my second year, taking up algebra, natural philosophy, chemistry, Latin and physical geography; so you see there is no time for me to throw away, which is better I think than more time and fewer studies. The Hubbard Base Ball Club's grounds are on the school grounds, and as there are about 20 of us in school we have great games there. I, like every American boy, am very fond of the national game, and think nothing is so invigorating as to toss the ball on the diamond. Wishing COMFORT success I will close, and if any of the cousins would like to correspond with a chap like me write to
FRED A. CRAMER, Hubbard, Ohio."

"I am only a poor little sick girl, a great sufferer from heart and lung disease. I cannot run around and play like other little folks; have a very sad life, full of pain day and night, without any hope of recovery. Although my health is so poor, I have a great many other things to be thankful for. I have a very pleasant home in a beautiful city, and I have a dear good mama and papa and grown up brother and sister. I have read a great many books. I wish some of the dear grown up cousins, uncles and aunts, as well as the little ones, would write to me; by doing this you can make a poor little sufferer very happy. I feel so lonesome sometimes. If you could send me children's magazines or old papers to read, I shall be so glad. Your loving little niece and cousin,
FLORENCE N. GLASS, 111 E. Thornton St., Akron, O."

Now Auntie must say good-bye, although we would like to talk longer.
AUNT MINERVA, (Care of COMFORT.)

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good cigars and some like a good pipe. Morse & Co., Augusta, Maine, have a "Cigar Pipe" which they will give away to anyone sending 6c. for the next two months of COMFORT. This pipe being lined with asbestos cannot burn out and you can get two dozen smokes for the price of one cigar. It looks just like a 15c. cigar and comfort is combined with cheapness; they are summer joys for the men and are sent free.

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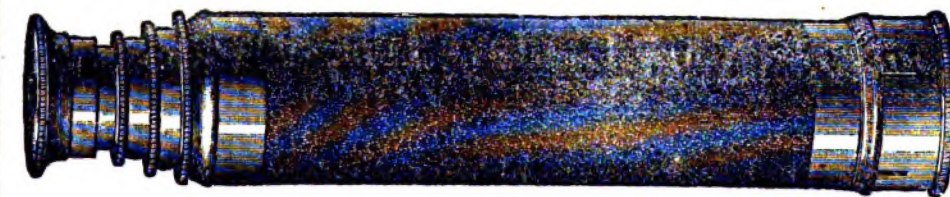
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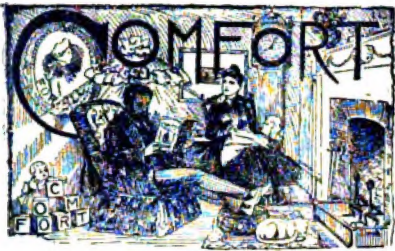
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While COMFORT does not, in any sense, deal with politics, it was the first publication to see in the Honorable Whitelaw Reid a presidential possibility, and before the Minneapolis convention met, we laid before our readers the autograph of this distinguished farmer, scholar, journalist and statesman, together with his patriotic appeal that "Americans should dignify, not degrade, politics." And in our May issue we published under the head of "Successful Bread Winners" a portrait and biographical sketch of Chauncy M. Depew, who has since been named by the President for the high office of Secretary of State.

Our September issue will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The title-page, which will be a picnic in pictures, will point out the road to Comfort as seen through country spectacles. In originality of design and artistic excellence this number will rival the very best productions. Among other interesting features the Ghost of Wun Lung will make its appearance in this issue. All those who subscribe now or get up clubs secure a whole year's COMFORT for only twenty-five cents. Be sure to begin with the September number or you will miss some of the bright new short stories which will be published exclusively in our columns.

We frequently receive letters from subscribers requesting us to devote more space to this, that or the other department of COMFORT, and are occasionally asked to give less space to some particular feature. In answer to these communications we would say that COMFORT goes into over a million homes every month, and is read by people of all ages, tastes, dispositions and occupations; and that while it is our constant aim to furnish such a variety of interesting matter as will bring the greatest comfort to the greatest number, all must appreciate the fact that among so vast a range of readers it is impossible to have every article of equal interest to all. We ask everyone, when reading something particularly pleasing, to consider that such article was specially written for him or her, and to remember in case another does not interest them fully as much, that such item in all probability prove highly entertaining to others. Were all our readers to sit down to a grand feast composed of the most delicate morsels, it is quite natural that, though all would be made happy, differences in tastes would manifest themselves. And so it must prove with reference to the contents of COMFORT. But we shall constantly furnish such quantity, quality and variety as will amply satisfy every reasonable desire.

We are, of course, always glad to receive the views of our readers, in order that we may fill our columns with tidings of comfort and joy for all.

POMPANOOT'S GUN.

The friendly relations in which the early settlers of Massachusetts lived with the Indians in the short intervals between massacres have always been the source of amusing and wondering interest to students of colonial history. The Indians often remained on their old camping grounds and sometimes employed white men to till their farms, while the squaws peddled baskets and trinkets among the settlers. Like the story of the man who recognized an old acquaintance in the Indian that scalped him, there is much that is suggestive in the diary of Ebenezer Field of Northfield, Mass.:

March, 1722.
To mending Pompanoot's gun . . . 4s
" steel traps and mending a gun lock for Indians . . . 15 5s
" my wife's making an Indian's shirt . . . 8d
" doing work for Indian on brother Zachariah's account . . . 16s

After four shillings' worth of mending, Pompanoot's gun undoubtedly did good service, but it is to be hoped that Ebenezer Field never had an opportunity of recognizing in the weapon "an old acquaintance" and that its deadly work was performed out of range of Pompanoot's benefactors.

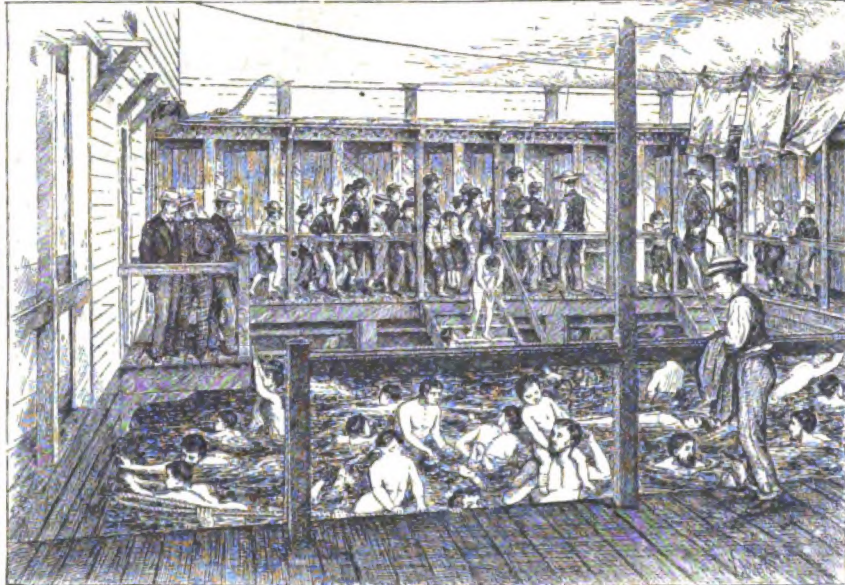
BATHING.

AT THE SEASIDE AND IN THE CITIES.

AT this season of the year the funny papers are filled with amusing paragraphs concerning the scanty raiment worn by the modern fashionable at the seaside. "Popper dear," says the young girl anxiously, "you have forgotten my bathing suit!" "No, my dear," replies papa, as he pulls out a small package from his vest pocket. "Here it is," and with a cry of delight the young belle reaches for the precious garment, and a few minutes later is sporting on the sand.

While of course this is overdrawn, yet there has been a great change in costumes from the early days when bathing suits were not considered proper unless they covered both wrists and ankles, and were so clumsily made that they only needed a little inflation to make the wearer resemble a balloon. Since then the tendency has been towards the other extreme. There is no question but that science and common sense can construct a garment which will be comely, convenient and comfortable, without being conspicuous. It should protect and properly clothe, without dragging down by its weight, or fatiguing the wearer by wrapping around and binding the muscles, and should be what it purports to be—a garment to swim in. So long as the present low-necked costume is worn by ladies in crowded parlors, it seems that their appearance when in water up to their chins need not cause much concern or comment. The real beauty of all attire is its appropriateness. Bright colors and strong contrasts sometimes render suits too conspicuous that would be perfectly proper in sober hue, but as long as some foolish people crave a doubtful kind of admiration there will be objectionable costumes not only at the beach but everywhere else.

But the poor of a great city haven't much time to split hairs on the question of bathing suits. A place to bathe must first be found. In all the large cities the authorities now furnish bath-houses, which are square house-rafts, or floats, with a well-hole in the middle; the bottom of which is floored and the sides made of strong slats which allow the surrounding water to freely enter. The water is about six feet deep, and our illustration gives an exact representation of the interior of one of these bath houses. As soon as the water is warm enough, in the spring, these public baths, to which no admission is charged, are towed from their winter quarters, and distributed along the waterfront, fastened to convenient piers, and connected with the shore by a narrow gangway. All around the tank in the center of the float,



FREE CITY BATH.

runs a passageway opening into little booths or dressing-rooms, whose only furniture is benches and hooks, upon which the bathers leave their clothes.

During the sultry summer season long lines of men and boys wait for admission at all hours. Bathers are allowed about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the bath-house is cleared of its occupants and another lot admitted. Many are the devices of the urchins to obtain another swim, but if the vigilant policeman at the entrance spies a wet head of hair among the throng which press in, the owner thereof is summarily "bounced." Certain days are set apart for women and girls, and the attendance is surprisingly large. Altogether, this very practical city beneficence is an inestimable boon to the crowded inmates of tenement districts, and a source of great pleasure and comfort to tired humanity to whom summer brings no well-earned vacation.

"BOOK ME FOR GREENFIELD."

The trials and tribulations of the victims of prohibition were quite as great a half century ago as at the present day. The lengths to which a man would go to relieve his "dryness" is illustrated by the following incidents of life in Greenfield, Mass., in the early thirties. The editor of a well-known New Orleans newspaper, who was traveling through New England, stopped at Northampton with the intention of spending several days in that beautiful town among the Berkshire Hills. Upon alighting from the stage, hot, dusty and very dry, he stepped into the tavern and asked for a drink of brandy. "We have no license," said the landlord, "to sell spirits; we do not keep the article." The editor visited the other public houses, called at the groceries and looked into cellars, but all in vain. Hotter, dustier and dryer than ever, he returned to the stage house and said to the landlord:

"Where can I get a drink?"
"I guess you can get it in Greenfield," said the landlord. "They have a license to sell liquor up there."

"How far is it?"
"Twenty miles."
"What time does the stage start?"
"Twelve o'clock at night."
"Well, landlord, book me for Greenfield."
It has become a proverb in that section, when asking for a drink, to say, "Book me for Greenfield." Down in Maine it is "Book me for the land of Spirits."

THE PERILS OF PROFANITY.

Swearing also had its drawbacks in those good old days, as may be seen by the following, taken from the Massachusetts Records of September, 1636: "Rob't Shrotehouse, for swearing 'by the bloud of God,' was sentenced to have his tongue put in a clyft stick and to stand so by the space of halfe an houre." Virginia, not to be outdone in the "Blue Law" line, enacted a few of her own. Here is a sample taken at random: "What man or woman soever who shall rob any garden, being set to weed the same, or willfully pluck up any root, herb or flower, to spoil, waste or steal the same, or shall pluck grapes or steal ears of corn growing in the field, the same shall be punished with death."



AT THE SEASIDE.

Yachts and Yachting.

THOUGH old as the hills, yachting was never more fascinating than to-day. In earlier times sailing was for barter, discovery and warfare; to-day it is for pleasure, sport and recreation. But its admirers cannot be lukewarm. To the lover of salt water this sport is his supreme delight, but in the landsman it inspires only horror, fear and aversion. Like the turtle the yachtsman has his house always with him, and sometimes he is glad indeed to withdraw into it. The amount of necessities and comforts the practiced yachtsman can stow away in a room the size of a dry goods box is marvellous. Life aboard a sailing yacht is by fits and starts the idliest and most busy and exciting. One day the crew lazily lounge upon the decks, and the vessel quietly skims along under favoring breezes, requiring but a touch at the helm now and then—the next, the wind shrieks in the rigging, the white-topped waves race madly along the vessel's

very often taken advantage of, although there is a class of hardy sailors who are never really enjoying themselves unless it's "blowing great guns" and the deck is at an angle of something like forty-five degrees.

The tall and gracefully sparred sailing yacht and the sharp swift steamer has each its hosts of admirers, but there is no gainsaying an element of romance and fascination which hangs about the genuine sailing craft, which the steam-yacht, with all its modern conveniences, does not supply. Aside from this, there is the matter of expense. Upon a steamer the force of skilled mechanics, fuel consumed, repairs, etc., eats up a fortune every year compared to which the original cost of the vessel—sometimes half a million—soon becomes trifling. But with steam one is never becalmed, can go from point to point in spite of unfavorable winds, and is sure of returning at any given time.

To all yachtsmen, however, comes sound sleep and hearty appetite, and he laughs at inconveniences which would be unbearable had he not voluntarily subjected himself to them.

Of both steam and sailing craft there are built mere racing machines, slender and sharp, devoid of all comfort, and with an eye solely to speed. In the construction of these, America is, as usual, far in the lead. But for solid comfort with least risk the wise mariner selects a boat with perhaps a little less speed but much more room and stability.

Letter Writing Blunderers.

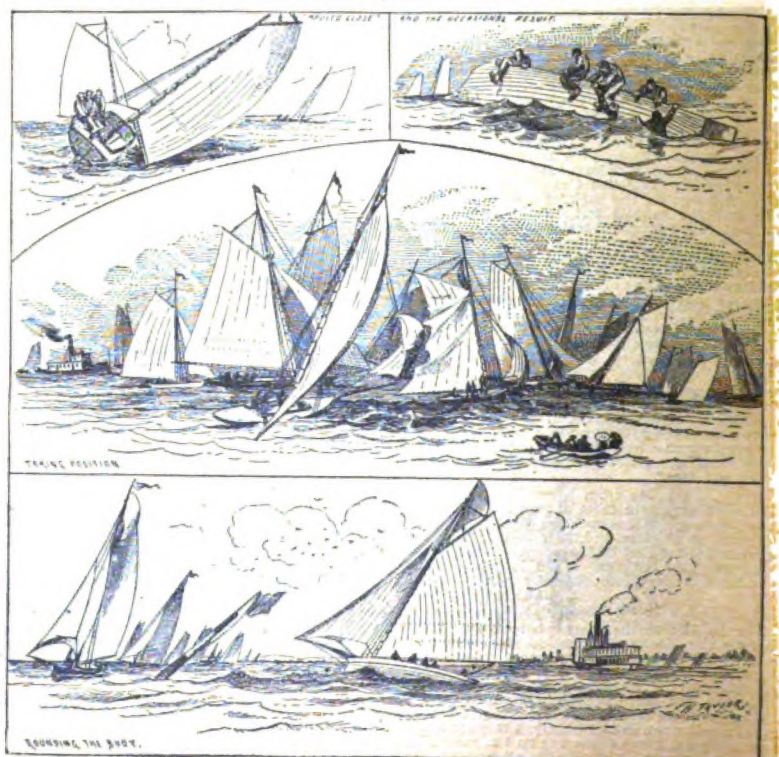
All people make blunders sometimes, but they seem to make more blunders when they are addressing letters than at any other time. When the fact is understood that of the approximate 5,000,000,000 packages of mail matter passing annually through the mails of Uncle Sam 7,000,000 eventually reach the hands of Dead Letter Office Superintendent Lehard's clerks. When the knowledge is disseminated throughout the United States that about five and one-half per cent of this 7,000,000 contains enclosures, money and negotiable papers and stamps; which is clearly comprehended by the non-painstaking public that packages at the rate of between ninety-five and one hundred thousand are received per year, and that these are either eventually sold at public auction or deposited to the credit of Brother Jonathan—then, and then only, will the major part of the public use pains in their handwriting and avoid illegibility, omissions and incorrect addresses when sending a letter, paper or package to friends via Uncle Sam's mail pouches. It is rare that any substantial loss occurs except through carelessness and negligence of correspondents, and if those who use the mails would conform to the plain and simple requirements of the postal regulations, and would place name and address of sender upon the outside of the envelope or package, few such articles would go astray.

"Dead letters" are received at the rate of twenty thousand per day; eight thousand of these are without address.

Under the watchful care of Mrs. A. H. Evans a very curious collection is being accumulated in Washington. All these articles (except two mail pouches deposited as a reward for faithful service of over ninety years) on exhibition at this museum passed through the United States mails and have been sent to the Dead Letter Office as unmailable, short of postage, without address or without name of sender.—New York Herald.

How He Spotted a Falsehood.

"What do you think of that artist who painted cobwebs on his ceiling so truthfully that the hired girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?"
"There may have been such an artist, but never such a hired girl."—Indianapolis Journal.



YACHTING. (ALSO SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 12.)



MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:



OTHER you do not read the column carefully, or some of you are very forgetful. How long ago did I ask the Essay Club for postal card votes as to whether you would leave the disposal of the money on hand, to my discretion, or whether you wish a committee appointed? and so far I have received but one reply to this request. I will remind you once more that I have the badges on sale for 10c. each, but if any one who has not paid the yearly dues, sends for a badge, I shall put the 10c. into the treasury, for no one is properly a member until his dues are paid, and no one but members have a right to wear the badge—Isn't that so, cousins? I have not found that lost letter yet, with the report of the committee on the choice of a subject; but I have not forgotten the ideas it contained. So in accordance with the suggestion of the committee I will give as the subject for the next competition, "The Jews, their past history, present condition, and future destiny." This is a theme which will require considerable study, and I shall leave it in the hands of the Club until January before announcing the terms of the competition. Meanwhile I hope that many new members may be added, and that all will put much intelligent thought and study upon the subject.

I shall be obliged to speak once more about the matter of forwarding letters. In the course of a month, I often have as many as 50 or 75 letters sent me to forward, which in itself is no small task, looking up addresses, etc., when added to my other work. But when I am asked, in addition to this, to furnish stamps and envelopes, it becomes nothing short of an imposition, and I absolutely decline to do it any longer. Letters sent to me properly stamped and enveloped, with a note accompanying them stating where they are to be sent (for I am not a clairvoyant, and cannot read through a sealed envelope) will be forwarded as promptly as possible; all others will be as promptly consigned to the waste-basket. This will probably explain to some persons why the letters sent to me for forwarding, have received no answer; they never get any farther than my waste-basket. I do not wish to be disobliging, but neither do I wish to be imposed upon. Letters cannot be published unless accompanied by the name and P. O. address of the writer. I have spoken of this again and again, but some still disregard it, and I am often obliged to reject interesting letters on account of failure to comply with this condition.

I thought it would be interesting to take another geographical tour this month, as the other seemed to meet with favor. This time we will start on the Pacific coast and travel eastward.

"I live in the far away country of California, about 30 miles from Los Angeles. This region is very mountainous, with a few fertile valleys lying between the ranges. It is very warm in the valleys, both in winter and summer, but on the mountains now can be seen the year round, Grain is the principal product of this part of the country. The American people of this State hardly ever raise garden truck; nearly all the vegetables are raised by Chinese and peddled about from house to house. There are a great many Mexican people here. They live in little adobe houses stuck around here and there wherever they are allowed to build them. They are a very indolent, shiftless class of people, and never work any more than just barely enough to make a living. The Mexicans are inveterate cigarette smokers, men, women and children alike, but they hardly ever chew or smoke the pipe. Wise Wild Bill, give me your hand; for my part, I believe girls are a nuisance. If ever a fellow wants to go hunting or fishing, his big sister is sure to drag him off somewhere she could easily have gone by herself. Girls are always in the way, and bothering a fellow so that he can't have any peace. I have a collection of minerals and ores, and would be glad to exchange, and also correspond with cousins.

"Perhaps you would like to know how the young folks spend their time in eastern Colorado by way of entertainments. There are two classes of young people here, some who would much rather dance than sleep, and the other, those who gather and spend a social evening discussing topics for the benefit of our own educations. We are far apart, because the country is not settled up very well. A young person who tries to live a Christian life here has a very poor show, for over 2-3 of the young people belong to the dancing set. I myself do not believe there is any harm in the mere act of dancing, but I think that church members should not indulge. I would like to correspond with some of the cousins who are interested in educational matters.

IDA M. JEWETT, Akron, Colo."

You certainly deserve every encouragement in your efforts to improve your minds, under so many disadvantages.

"I live in the wild, romantic mountains of Montana; have been here 10 years. Although one of those peculiar creatures called 'old bachelors,' and from the refining influences of 'woman, lovely woman,' I still am happy and contented. Indeed, one good male friend is worth a dozen girls. The girls, (lovely creatures!) are so fickle that one cannot depend on them more than 24 hours at a time, while a man who is once a friend will always stick by you. Leading the life one does here, comrades are drawn closer together than is possible in the East. I can cook very well, make good bread, coffee, etc., and also delicious jack-rabbit pie or stew. Can wash my own clothes and patch them if necessary; and I guarantee I can put more original fancy stitches on a patch than any of my fair cousins ever worked in a crazy quilt. I often take long trips through the mountains on my trusty cayuse, accompanied by my dog Jim and my gun, in search of game and adventure; and it is only the fear of incurring the enmity of the Indians that prevents me from astonishing the world with a petrification I discovered last summer in a cave near the Kiyah-Plah (in plain English, Bald Butte). This wonder consists of a petrified Indian, with all his clothes and accoutrements, as well as his own dusky person, turned into solid stone. I have often regretted my inability to present this wonderful curios-

ity to the Smithsonian Institute; but when it comes my turn to go to the happy hunting ground, I will leave a map for the guidance of any one who wishes to undertake the dangerous task. Would be pleased to correspond with cousins.

E. S. LEET,
Placer, Mont."

Is there something in the Montana air which is conducive to telling big stories? or is it the absence of "the refining influence of woman, lovely woman"? W. W. B. seems to be getting an alarming number of followers; I am afraid the old maid crop will be larger this year than usual. Never mind, girls; you can get along without the men just as long as they can exist without you, and don't be afraid to let them know it.

"I suppose you have nephews of all nationalities, and would like to add my name to the list as an Ice-lander. I watch eagerly for COMFORT every month, and always turn first to the Chats. I laughed heartily when I read W. W. B.'s letter. He must possess more self-control than most people if he never intends to marry; but I think he is an active young man, and could easily run off in fear of capture. If the cousins will write to me, will give them a description of my native land, as so many people form strange ideas concerning it.

EGBERT J. ERIKSSON,
Glasston, Pembina Co., No. Dak."

"I am a young man living on a farm of 160 acres; am also a school-teacher. Webster is a thriving town of about 1,000 inhabitants located near the head of the Coteau des Prairies, on the C. M. & St. P. R. This is a great wheat country, and some farms raise thousands of bushels. Corn in this latitude is not to be depended on. When I came here in 1882, there were many beautiful lakes, but now only a few exist; the lakes are fast drying up. I suppose the earth being porous, the waters are sinking lower and lower, and we who live where the water supplies are limited, notice what others would hardly see in a lifetime. But these changes all point to the time when there shall be no more sea. I have found shells on the highest land, which shows that at no distant time in the past, this land was all under water. This country has great extremes of heat and cold, and very sudden changes, but it is famous as a health resort. If any of the cousins would like an Elgin typewriter, I will give them one in exchange for McGuffey's 5th reader, which I am very anxious to get.

ARTHUR BETTS, Webster, Day Co., So. Dak."

Dear Aunt Minerva—I wish to be recognized among those who have the honor to be called your nephews and nieces. I will belong on the nephews' side, but please do not exclude me from the society of the nieces. I will do my best to be worthy a place among the cousins, and when I am grown older, also, perhaps, wiser, and shall have learned how to cook, then in my independence I may write boldly and fearlessly, like Mr. Bill of Wis., and perhaps like him, have phials of wrath emptied upon my luckless head. But W. W. B. I do endorse some of your sentiments. They are yours; a crank's sentiments are always his own. I think that children need attention as regards the reading matter they have access to. A taste for literature can certainly be developed in a child. He may even, if commenced on when quite young, be taught to like Dickens.

My early career in the reading matter in this line was neglected, and I have never liked to see two young people courting. He must be a very amiable disposition not to be jealous. Well, a young fellow is apt to know less, and say more about love and matrimony, than after he is grown gray and has willed his all to the children—as the shoemaker did. (Auntie forgive me.) I have been in this county 5 years now, and what a change in that time. The cattle ranch has faded away and in its place are waving fields. I was "up the trail" a few years ago, and I want to tell my cousins away back East, that a cowboy's life is very romantic, and sleep-out-o'-nights, to be sure. But the starchy dome, with the Milky Way laid on blue, does not form the warmest of coverlets. Tarantulas do not help his sleep any, either. But poor lone herder on the plains, he cannot get a chance to read very much. Imagine a lone knight of the lasso sitting out on the bald howling prairie, clad in fringed buckskin "chaps," blue flannel shirt and formidable sombrero, and with his back to the blazing sun, reading COMFORT or Harpers, while his cayuse with his weighty saddle and trailing reins strays farther and farther away. I must stop now, as I am through. Would any of the cousins care to write to poor me?

IVANHOE, Nebraska.

Blessings on the rare man who knows enough to stop when he is through; his like has not been seen in my columns for many a day. Most people have to be stopped before they have any idea of being through.

"I live in Kans, and am a farmer's boy. Have taken COMFORT for 4 years, and think it is the best monthly out. As for love and matrimony, I don't intend to be an old bach. If I can't get a white girl to marry me, I will go down in the Ind. Ter. and get a squaw with 150 acres of land. I hate tobacco, and don't use intoxicating drinks of any kind. I think no gentleman should through. Hope all the cousins will write.

Your nephew,
HOE DOWN."

"I live in the pleasant little town of Kingston, Minn., about 75 miles from St. Paul. The surrounding country is well populated with farmers of every nationality. The land is a rich sandy loam, and yields abundant crops of wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, all kinds of vegetables, and small fruits. There is a belt of timber along the river which produces excellent lumber of oak and elm, and some maple and basswood. In summer it is a real pleasure to ride through this section of country, as the scenery is ever changing; fields of wheat and corn, patches of timber, little lakes and comfortable farm houses.

J. S. P., Box 38, Kingston, Minn."

"I would like to say a few words about southwest Oregon. With the exception of an over-abundance of rain, we have a delightful climate. Snow is seldom seen except on the mountains, and roses may be plucked at midwinter. We live near the shores of the grand old Pacific ocean. There are a great many caves along the beach here. In the largest of these, which is called the Bridal Chamber, they occasionally have church on Sunday when the tide is low. Surrounded by a wall of rock, and standing on a floor of solid sand, one can, through a narrow opening in the rock, catch a glimpse of the ocean. It is a much more beautiful and impressive place than the costliest cathedral.

ROBIN ADAIR."

"I think we are too apt to disagree with each other on various subjects. I am sure we wish this page to be one of friendly chats, and not this everlasting picking at each other, as I once heard a COMFORT cousin express it. We can find enough to talk about without airing our ideas at the expense of some one else's feelings. We often notice letters where only object seems to be to chide the poor Shut-Ins. I am going to write a prescription right here which I am sure will help to relieve you of these attacks. Whenever you see a pitiful letter, do not accuse the writer of complaining. Look over your books and papers, and see if you cannot find some good reading matter; then write as kind and sympathetic a letter as you can, and send them speeding on their way. Or a box of stationery and a few stamps might prove an ac-

ceptable gift to those who are fond of writing letters, but cannot afford the materials. Just one word more about sending reading matter to Shut-Ins. Don't send them trash, or some worthless, out-of-date newspapers; but substantial reading, such as will elevate their thoughts. How many of the cousins read Margaret Hamill's letter in a recent COMFORT? I have reliable testimonials as to her honesty, etc. Here is a chance for us to do work for the Master. Can we not make up a purse for this poor helpless girl? A little from so many would amount to quite a sum. You could send the money to me, or to Aunt Minerva. Would like to correspond with cousins.

VENUS, Wisc."

I am afraid that this appeal will turn out like the one which was made some time ago for money to get Millard Ford a spring bed; I do not think that I received a dollar in all for that object. Surely there are many who could contribute 10c. for such a worthy end, and quite a sum might be raised without anyone being vexed. Not that I believe wholly in that kind of saving; it may help the recipient, but the giver does not get the blessing that he would from a little self-sacrifice. Give until you feel it, is the truly blessed way.

"Seeing a letter in COMFORT by Earl McGrew about stamp collecting, he says that an English col-

lector has 22,000 varieties. This includes water marks, shades, grills, etc. There are only about 9,000 distinct varieties. I am a Shut-In, and my stamp collection is almost the only way I have to amuse myself and pass the time. I read all the books I can procure. I think with W. F. Case, that it would be pleasant to have a society for exchanging. We have one here in Iowa, of which I am a member. I have a stamp used in 1738, also a N. Y. stamp used in 1843. I have a collection of 6,000 varieties. Do your Southern readers know that Confederate stamps are worth from 5c. to \$100 each? It will pay to look them up.

Mrs. J. C. JAY,
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa."

In many an old garret there are letters stored away whose stamps are worth a good price. I got 15c. for one U. S. stamp not long ago. It will pay any one to ransack their ancestors' love letters, with all due reverence for their departed shades!

"I live 10 miles from the city of Springfield, Mo., which is situated on the highest point of the Ozark Mts., the most important chain of mountains in the State. We are blessed with an abundance of pure water, rich agricultural land, and a healthy climate. The Indian has left but few traces of his existence in this part of the country. Only an occasional burying place on a high bluff, and a sprinkling of arrowheads over his favorite hunting-grounds. Correspondence solicited from Northern cousins.

WALTER HOWARD, Griffin, Mo."

I used to think the Ozark mountains were something really wonderful, until after I met some people from Springfield; but they informed me that the country about there was nearly as level as a prairie, and a gradual rise, extending over a great area of country, constituted the so-called "mountains." These dwellers "on the top of the Ozark Mts." should visit the Alleghenies and the White Mts., and see what a mountain really is.

"I am glad that our proposed reunion seems to be coming forward to rank among the probabilities. With Aunt Minerva to direct and bring it to an effective realization, and to preside over the gathering she will have called together from the four corners of the earth, I am sure that our reunion will be long remembered. I hope that something of a trifle odd in the way of a badge may be devised for the occasion, for it will be the memento of a most novel occasion, and as such, will be worthy of a place among our keepsakes. And now during the coming months, let us make our letters short, so as to get acquainted with as many as possible of those whom we expect to meet.

AUDREY, Chicago, Ills."

"I had a very pleasant trip this summer to a place called Alpena, situated on Thunder Bay, Mich. On the way we saw many interesting sights, but one of the prettiest was Detroit. For some time before entering the city, the river may be seen through the trees, and looks very beautiful. After leaving Detroit, there came a time when the way seemed very long between the stations, for we were passing through some of the scenes of the Michigan fires. These forests were composed of dense groups of undergrowth, so dense that you cannot see a yard before you, while towering far above are tall pines, so tall they seem almost to reach the sky, and without one single leaf or branch, though it was the time that they should have been clothed in verdure. You may think this is a grand sight, and so it is; but when you have gone for miles with no change of program, your ride becomes very dreary. You ask if there are no houses? Yes; perhaps once in 15 or 20 miles, you may catch a glimpse through the trees of a small shanty, with one window, sometimes with a pane of glass, but more often of wood, swinging back and forth on hinges. This shanty is generally built of logs, and has a dog or two on the doorstep. Many more things I would like to tell about my trip, if space would allow. Correspondence solicited.

GRACE DIGGINS, Monroeville, Ohio."

"Will you make room in your circle for a Hoosier boy? I think all the departments of COMFORT very good, but like the Chats best of all, and always read them first. This page is in itself worth twice the subscription price of the paper. I live near the growing town of Elwood, Ind. A water-work plant is being put in and the town is abundantly supplied with Nature's best fuel, natural gas. The largest plate-glass factory in the world is located here, and the American tin-plate factory now being constructed will be the largest one of the kind in America. I wonder why those good old writers who used to grace the page, such as Pedagogue, Percy de Vere, Kans, Sunflower, and others, have so long been silent. Give us more of your interesting letters. As for novel reading, if boys and young men would spend their evenings at home reading good novels, instead of idling their time away around town, acquiring a pernicious street education, there would be fewer broken-hearted mothers, and the jails and penitentiaries would be less crowded. I do not believe that false and pernicious doctrine that youth should not be allowed to engage in innocent amusements. Those who condemn all works of fiction, and all theatrical performances, do so through ignorance. The trained and healthy mind winnows the golden grain from such things, and refuses the chaff. He who has to be kept in the path of duty by having it enclosed in walls of ignorance, deserves no credit for his goodness. I am glad that we are to have a reunion at the World's Fairs. Oh, what a grand event that will be! It will be worth 10 years of one's life to be able to say 'I was there.' Would be pleased to correspond with cousins.

INCOGNITO."

It would indeed be pleasant to hear from some of our old friends. Pedagogue, Aurora, Adonis, Dried-Out, Lone Star, Kans, Sunflower, where are you, and many others?

"I am an exile, banished to this little lake-port town in pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp, health. My home is on the top of a bluff 30 or 40 feet above the beach; the descent made possible if you are willing to be hurried by the aid of brush willows, which give the face of the bluff much the same appearance as that of your cow-boy nephews at the close of a

forty-five days round up. For, unlike Blossom, have 'seen 'em,' and found them 'true as steel,' if no wonderful.

THISTLE, Mich."

Now we must journey quickly to the South.

"I live in South Florida, near the Gulf. Our country is mostly level and has a great many rivers and lakes, in which fish are abundant. There is some pine land and some hammock land here; the hammock is a low, dense forest covered with large oaks magnolia, palmetto, and cedar, all of which are useful. The magnolia is a beautiful tree, with its dark green leaves and snow-white blossoms.

LIZZIE GLEATON, Crystal River, Fla."

"I admired the letters of Nellie and Dreamer very much. I will say to Dreamer that I am a Christian Endeavorer, and I am trying to serve and faithfully obey the good Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for the world, and suffered a shameful death that we might live. Cousins, one and all, are you trying to serve Jesus? If not, I beg of you to repent and turn to Him. I live in the northern part of Ark., near White river. This is a very picturesque part of the country; there are many stately pines, which make the scenery most exquisite in winter. The roads are very rough, but we are used to them. You may think we are not civilized down here, but we are, most of us. There is a rumor that a railroad is coming here; if that is so, then will be brought the great breath of Progress, which the country so much needs. I would like to correspond with some of the cousins.

Your niece,
VALENTINE V."

"I live on Sauvies Island, a very pretty place. It is situated 14 miles below Portland, on the Columbia river, 13-4 miles below the mouth of the Willamette river. Now don't think I am like Robinson Crusoe because I live on an island, for it is quite thickly settled. It is 18 miles long and 6 wide. We have very good schools here.

NELLIE B. MORGAN,
Sauvies, Oregon."

"My last letter was written from the dear little 'Forest Home' farm, which is 2 miles from Carthage, Ala., a small station on the 'Queen and Crescent' R. R. It is only 3 miles from the romantic Black Warrior river. Settlers on this farm have all the advantages of a healthful climate, abundance of fuel and building materials, pure water, fruits of many kinds. Almost everything that is ever produced in the South is raised here. There is now but little wild game; the fox, rabbit, turkey, partridge, etc., are still found, though it has been dry, we have never had a real drouth. No cyclones, no grasshopper plagues, no chills and fever. The temperature in summer is rarely 90 degrees, and in winter seldom 20 degrees. I hope I have now answered most of the cousins' questions about this country; it was impossible to reply to all their letters personally. Hope to meet you at the Reunion.

MAY WARDS, Carthage, Ala."

"I see so few letters from our beautiful Kentucky. May I say a few words to W. W. B.? Suppose that the girls selected the worst man they could find, and judged all men by him; would it be just? But that is the way you do the girls. Did not Sadie say some true things of you? but not of Mr. Kemp; that was bad. I wish all your sex could say what you do of drinking and using tobacco. I say no man can be a gentleman who does use them. Dick's letter was good; excuse me, W. W. B., but you might profit by it. Why do not we hear more of the cow-boys?

ROSEBUD."

"Please admit a nephew from the old Palmetto State. I am employed on a rice plantation on the Edisto river. We plant 1,000 acres of rice on this place, and you can stand at the barn window and count a dozen other plantations. Once they were owned by rich slave-owners, but since the war many of them have changed hands. But some of the old ones on this place have never known any other home, nor do they wish to. The negroes live in rows of small houses, just as they used to, and have foremen over them to show them how to work the land, and to see that they do it properly, for the best of them are not to be trusted. The men who manage these places are not generally the owners. They do not stay on the plantation at night, in the summer, on account of malaria, but go either to Charleston or the pine lands near by. All the old residences on these places were burned during the war, either by Northern troops or the

negroes. Many of the places were bombed by the gun-boats, and plowmen often turn up shells and cannon-balls. John A. Taylor, I agree with you about drink. No young man is safe who ever takes a drink, and the girl who marries a young man to reform him takes a greater risk than she is properly entitled to. I wonder why the girls seem to like the wicked young men best. Will any one write a 'Johnnie Reb'?

J. T. GRANT, Jacksonboro, S. C."

"I have often wondered what it is about a 'wild' fellow which makes him so attractive to girls. But as there are plenty of sensible girls who prefer a really good young man, it really does not seem necessary for a fellow to be dissipated in order to win the favor of the 'fair sex.'

"I will tell something of the city in which I live. It is situated on the banks of the Schuylkill river, about 50 miles N. W. of Phila. It is a beautiful city, and has many points of interest. The mountain scenery is magnificent, and there are wonderful mountain railways which wind along the dizzy heights, and under the bright rays of the sun look like silver threads wound around the high summits to hold them together. Reading capitalists have built large hotels on the highest point of the various mountains, principally Mt. Penn and Neverink Mt.

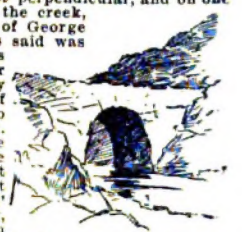
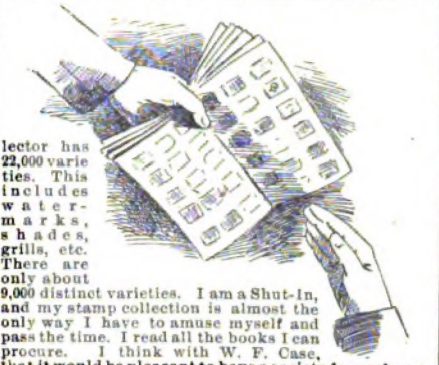
AGNES LEVAN, 428 Chestnut St., Reading, Penn."

"Glasgow is a very pretty little town situated just at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, on the bank of the James river, and in about 4 miles of the great Natural Bridge. Would that you and all the cousins could see this grand structure. Just think of a solid rock connecting 2 mountains, over which a public road passes. Under the bridge (215 ft. below) passes a stream of water called the Cedar Creek. The walls of the bridge are almost perpendicular, and on one side, about 50 ft. above the creek, one can see the name of George Washington, which it is said was carved with his own hands. Looking up from under the arch can be seen very distinctly the outlines of the American eagle. No one can reach this spot. Passing under the bridge and following a little mountain path for about half a mile, we reach what is called the Last River. This is another curiosity, as no one can tell from where it comes or to where it goes. It can be seen only from a small cave in the mountain. Thousands of visitors come here every summer. Would be pleased to tell you of the large cave recently discovered here, but fear I should take too much of COMFORT's valuable space. Will carve Aunt Minerva's name on the bridge when I am there again. With best wishes for all, I remain,

WALTER R. TEMPLE, Box 43, Glasgow, Va."

Come again and tell us about the cave.

"I have never asked a formal admittance into the cousins' corner, so now I will try my hat, and ask if I am welcome. I was born in Miss., have lived in Tenn., been 'water-bound' in Ark., lived 2 years among the snow-capped Rocky Mts. of New Mex., and came to Tex. when about 10 years old. So you see that I have been mostly raised in a wild western country, among buffaloes, wild horses, cow-boys, and Comanche Indians. Being by occupation a tiller of the soil, I can always find plenty of wholesome food upon which to feast the mind, can breathe the pure, balmy air, have a practical study of Nature, and a free will to love and serve Nature's God. Less than 50 years ago, Texas was little more than a rich grazing pasture for the vast herds of cattle, sheep and horses, owned by



the ranchmen, who then occupied this State. It was then necessary to handle these great herds, that gave rise to the name of 'cow-boy.' Young men from the north and east have immigrated to this sunny land, to become cow-boys, have come west to 'grow up with the country,' until our country fairly swarms with them. Courteous in their manner, and with a high estimate of the other sex, a more free and open-hearted class of men never lived. As the years have gone by, the industrious husbandman has come in and occupied the eastern half of the State, and converted it into broad farms and pastures. Extensive stock raising is carried on in the western part. I am sorry not to be able to answer personally all the letters which have come to me, but it would be impossible.

GEO. M. FOWLER, McGregor, Tex.

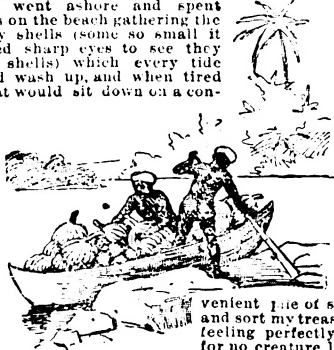
It is quite a journey from Texas to the Middle States, but we will make it quickly through the magic medium of COMFORT.

I live in the town of Havana, N. Y.; it is situated in the midst of the great fruit region of the State, 3 miles from the famous Watkins Glen and Seneca Lake, one of the loveliest places on the globe. I am a P. O. clerk, have been in the business about 2 years. I have a chance to meet all kinds of people, and study their dispositions. I think this is a noble right in regard to love; it certainly is a holy passion, or why would God love us? Cousins, please write to me and you will receive a reply.

G. A. R.

I have another of those very interesting letters from A. L. S., and I am sure that some of the cousins will be willing to be left out this time for the sake of having that letter in full. So now we will journey up into New England, and end our wanderings in the "Old Bay State."

"So many pleasant letters have come to me in answer to mine published last February that I find it impossible to reply to them all, and therefore, Auntie, accept your invitation to 'come again' hoping you will let me say a word to the neglected ones. Don't call me hard names my cousins, truly I would have written to every one of you if I could, but as I couldn't, I want you to take this letter as penned for your special benefit. To those who asked for shells, corals, etc., let me say I have none to exchange, having already given to friends and relatives all I could spare. This time I am going to give you a peep at New Bay (Java) where we went to renew our supplies of wood and water, the former article being free to all who cared to help themselves from the forests, and no harbor dues to pay either. Not being quite sure where the waterfall was, father ordered out a boat for an exploring expedition as soon as the anchor was fairly down. After some scouting along the mainland we discovered the fall, which was a truly beautiful sight, the water tumbling in silvery showers from the almost perpendicular bank nearly 25 ft. above our heads. Just there the water was hardly deep enough to float our boat, so the five rowers jumped out, and wading to the fall, filled cups with the delicious cold water, passing them around that all might have a taste. Beside the fall grew a large tree its trunk in the water, and its topmost branches on a level with the bank. It threw a deep shade very welcome in that tropical country, and one of the men stepped underneath to drink his water, but a sudden call of 'Stand from under, Jim,' made him quickly jump away, and we all looked up to see something glistening and stirring among the thick branches. With one impulse every man sent a volley of stones upward, and though father commanded 'Let the creature be' he was too late, for crashing down through the leaves came a 14 ft. speckled brown snake, not a bit like the museum ones, but very much alive, as he proved by dashing towards his enemies the moment he touched the water. Every man sprang for the boat and seized oars and boat-hook as a weapon of defence, and for a few minutes there was a lively time, but a battle between five men and one snake is very apt to prove disastrous to the snake, so we soon had him hatched, Hector-like, to our triumphant chariot, (i.e. boat) and were on our way back to the ship. I say 'we,' but my part consisted in looking on from my seat in the boat, and squealing a little squeal if his snakeship threatened to approach too close. Our captive would not have been so easily subdued, but he was just taking a bunch of a fat flying-fox, and his throat and jaws were so distended that he was at a great disadvantage. Before reaching the ship we met a canoe laden with yams, sweet potatoes, coconuts, bananas, pineapples, and two natives going to the ship to trade, so father signaled them to come to the boat, knowing they would willingly exchange a bunch of bananas for a jack-knife. They came readily enough till they caught a glimpse of our captive, but then sheered off with every expression of fear, giving us to understand it was deadly poison. Next day the wood-cutting began on New Island. I often went ashore and spent hours on the beach gathering the shells, some small it needed sharp eyes to see they were shells) which every tide would wash up, and when tired of that would sit down on a con-



venient pile of stones and sort my treasures, feeling perfectly safe for no creature larger than a monkey was supposed to be on the island. So far, so good, but one morning around my favorite spot, and on the beach were seen tracks of some huge animal which the Malays at once pronounced to be a tiger, and a big one too. And if I well, I decided I didn't want any more shells, at least from that place. At dusk it was pleasant to watch from the deck the groups of monkeys and peacocks that would come and play about on the beach, and about sundown clouds of flying foxes (a species of bat) would pass over the ship on their way to their nightly foraging grounds. As for the Malays, they were dark skinned people, talking a language of which we understood very little. Describe their dress, did some cousin say? If not, the men and children followed the style of Adam (about) with the addition of a turban; the women wore a 'keblah' and short jacket. The 'keblah' is a short skirt (very full and without a binding) folded about the waist and held in place by a wide sash. Java is only about 7 degrees from the Equator, so you see they were dressed for comfort. Their canoes were long narrow little crafts, many of which depended for balance upon the long bamboo raft fastened on each side. One Sunday we spent at Point 1st Lighthouse. It was quite a little walk from the landing-place to the building (just a narrow path between thick forests) and about half way we came to a windowless hut perhaps 6 ft. square, with the door invitingly unbarred. Looking inside, we saw that anything entering would touch a spring that would let the door drop and make him a prisoner. What was it? Well, said tiger m-o-u-s-e and we'll call it a mouse-trap. Nice thing to find sitting in the middle of the road, wasn't it, especially as we knew it was there for use, not ornament! The light-house keeper, a Dutchman, gave us a warm reception and showed us all over the buildings, even taking us up to see the light. Oh my! such a climb as that was! I counted the steps, meaning to remember the number, but only to recall that they mounted up into the hundreds. Up, up, up with an occasional pause to take breath or look through a window, then up, up again. Every little while came trap doors which we had to be pushed and pulled through, but we were fully repaid when we reached the top. After admiring the beautiful order in which the lamps and all belongings were kept, we stepped on to the platform and viewed the magnificent scenery. We could see 'miles and miles' in every direction; the largest trees appeared no taller than matches, and our good harbor riding at anchor in the bay looked like a toy ship on a mill pond. Looking directly downward, I exclaimed that I saw a crab on the water, but the keeper glancing over my shoulder crushed me by observing with a smile, 'Ho! him tittle, Missie. Big fello, else you no see him at all.' Towards sundown we started for home, each host and one of his men, each with a gun, walking behind us, for they said just as likely as not we might meet a tiger and it was best to be prepared. Coming to the trap we paused a moment to examine it afresh; a live kid

had just been put in as bait, and the poor little creature was bleating piteously. When we exclaimed at the cruelty, they showed us the tiger could not get at the kid, even if he entered the trap, but I should think the poor little thing would die of fright if shut up with a tiger. After getting all the wood and water we needed we weighed anchor and started for Anjer where—Did you speak Auntie? I'll not say another word, but make my best wishes to you.

A. L. S., Box 335, Whitman, Mass.

In saying good-bye for this month, I want to thank the cousins for their many kind letters and evidences of thoughtful remembrance and I beg to commend to the special attention of every old and new cousin the liberal offer of the publishers of COMFORT printed herewith under the head of Artistic Monogram Prizes. With best wishes,

AUNT MINERVA.

Artistic Monogram Prizes.

The publishers of COMFORT, always on the lookout for some new plan which will interest and benefit their readers, have decided to encourage meritorious contributions to this department of the paper by a most attractive system of prizes. You will notice the new feature which has been introduced this month, of illustrating some of the most original letters by unique and artistic designs. This we hope to make a permanent feature of the column. In addition to this, the publishers will in future award beautiful monograms, composed of the writer's initials, to those sending the most interesting and original letters. These monograms will be specially designed by some of the best artists in America at a cost of from five to ten dollars each, and will be most desirable ornaments for marking stationery, cards, etc. They will accompany the letters in the column of COMFORT, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed post-paid to the prize-winners.

It is desired to eliminate personal matter from the column as far as possible, and to have the letters treat of topics of general interest. In future, all persons writing to this department must be regular subscribers to COMFORT, and must write over their own name, thus avoiding much unnecessary trouble. This rule does not apply to those who have previously written under a nom de plume, but will go into force upon the publication of this issue of COMFORT. No letter should be sent to this department unless the writer is willing it should appear over his own signature.

Plucky Western Women.

Throughout the great West are scattered numbers of women who have grown wealthy as miners, ranchers and homesteaders, says the New York Ledger. They owe success to the fact that they "got ahead of the men" by reason of superior pluck and shrewdness. One of the most conspicuous cases is that of two Los Angeles girls who visited Santa Fe and fled upon homesteads they had located there. The land lies on the eastern slope of the Zuni mountains, and in order to reach the place the women had to travel 18 miles from the railroad station, walking much of the time because of the bad roads, and often wading through two feet of snow. A number of men were waiting at the railroad settlement for the snow to thaw, so that they could locate claims; but the women said they had no time to wait, and they waded through the snow.

COSTS LITTLE, EFFECTS MUCH.

"Oh, where's the use of having wealth?" The modern martyr says.
"I'd sooner far be blest with health!" To finish my old days!
Yet here I am at middle age,
Plunged in despair and grief,
For though I'm rich, nought can assuage
My pain, or bring relief!"
"Pray what is it you suffer from?" The modern wise man asks.
"I'm curing every Dick and Tom—
The easiest of tasks!"
For nervousness, or such disease,
Headaches or impure blood,
My medicine with all agrees
And long the test has stood."
"I'd spend my fortune gladly now!" The victim then exclaims,
"If I could ease my aching brow,
Which fever oft inflames!"
"Far less than that will bring you health," Replies the seer serene,
"It only takes a little wealth
To purchase some OXIE!"

Tobacco Heart Cured.

VIRGOVA, Wis., April 2, 1892.
I wish to add my testimonial in behalf of Oxien, as it has cured me of the tobacco habit. I had used tobacco for over thirty years and I now have no desire for it after having taken two or three boxes of Oxien.
M. V. TAMER.

The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Me., are receiving many unsolicited testimonials of this nature and are sending free samples of Oxien to all who apply this month.

The following conversation occurred recently just before a wedding. Bride to be: "What do you think is the reason that marriage is often a failure?" Best man: "Because the bride does not marry the best man."

Lord De Void—"Have you ever been presented at court, Mrs. Lakeside?" Mrs. Lakeside—"Oh, lots of times! There isn't a judge in Chicago that doesn't know me. I've been divorced three times, you know."—The Epoch.

See that team of horses, how nicely they go together, John. Why can't a man and woman pull together like that?" "There's every reason, my dear. Those horses only have one tongue between them!"—Yonkers Statesman.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

To all those who have been led to test the virtues of OXIE by the results it has accomplished right under their own eyes, it is not necessary to speak of what this Wonderful Food for the Nerves will do; but to those who are not yet acquainted with its magical health-renewing and life-giving properties we wish to say that a single trial of OXIE will tell the true story of its worth. OXIE differs from any and every thing else as day differs from night, and its effects differ from the effects of other so-called foods and medicines as day differs from night. It is not a stimulant. It is not a drug or so-called "tonic," which merely excites the nervous system. It nourishes and feeds the nerves, blood, and brain. It infuses new vigor and vitality into the broken-down system, and its effects are as astonishing as they are lasting. It is absolutely pure, free from any and all harmful ingredients, and is sold under a written guarantee and under the official endorsements of medical authority. The testimony of thousands whom it has lifted from a helpless and hopeless condition of long-suffering, and the praise of the thousands whom it has cured after medicines and doctors had utterly failed, tell the tale of this wonderful discovery more effectively than words can portray. And this testimony is open to public inspection.

The claims we make for OXIE are:—

1. That it is wholly original and unlike any thing ever offered to the public.
2. That its effects are original, and unlike the effects of any thing else.
3. That it will give new strength, new life, and new hope after every thing else has failed.
4. That it is the only real Food for the Nerves ever discovered, and that one trial will prove the truth of this.

To those whose systems have become debilitated and wrecked by overwork, worry, imprudence, or excesses of any kind, it is a godsend. The weakest stomach will retain it, and readily extract its life-giving, vitalizing, and nerve-feeding properties. Those who doubt this should read

WHAT IT HAS DONE.

Kansas Doctors Dumfounded.—W. H. Lowe, Americus, Kan., writes that his father was confined to his bed for months, completely broken down. When all the doctors had given him up and said he could not live, he tried Oxien. After taking one dozen tablets he was enabled to get up, walk about, and enjoy himself. Its marvellous effect stirred up the neighbors, friends, and whole town. Other people whose doctors had given them up also used Oxien, and pronounced it the most powerful and strengthening food in existence.

Nervous Prostration Twenty Years.—Mrs. E. A. D. Whitney, Fisher Street, Peoria, Ill., says: "For the last twenty years I suffered from nervous prostration, neuralgia, and heart failure at times, and I was rarely ever free from pains and ills caused by weak nerves until I tried the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, Oxien. Its effects have been marvellous. I have not had a return of nervous headache since I began using it, but am perfectly well. I recommend Oxien to all those suffering from nervous weakness. It has been a blessing to me, and many of my friends have also been restored to health by it."

Ohio Doctors Could Do Nothing.—Mrs. John Houghan, Sharon Centre, O., writes that her husband was subject to fits for a long time, and that the doctors could do nothing to help him. With the use of Oxien the attacks ceased, and ever since taking this Wonderful Food for the Nerves he has had no sign of his old trouble.

Massachusetts Doctors Failed.—Mr. John Shinn, General Agent Vermont Life Insurance Co., writes: "A year ago I was so sick a man that my life was at one time despaired of. My pulse was so irregular as to cause me the greatest distress and alarm. My stomach was so out of order that almost everything I ate distressed me. I derived benefit from neither the local nor Boston doctors, and grew constantly worse. At this time my attention was called to Oxien, and after using one Giant box I was a perfectly well man, free from nervousness, my pulse as strong and regular as twenty years ago, and I can eat a square meal of any kind of food without feeling the slightest distress. I have not a bodily ache or pain. I consider it a simple duty to say that Oxien brought me new strength and new life, and that over one hundred cases have come to my notice where Oxien has proved itself the most wonderful Food for the Nerves and health-giving remedy in existence."

Praise from the Pacific Coast.—A. F. Evick, The Dalles, Ore., writes: "The best thing I ever saw to help sick people is Oxien. It is truly a wonderful cure for backache, bad colds, La Grippe, headache, and other diseases. One lady who had suffered from serious cold and La Grippe for a long time, and had not slept for a week, was restored by a few of the Oxien tablets."

Afflicted for Seven Years.—Mrs. Jethro Sharpe, Worden, Ill.: "I have used one Giant box of Oxien, and am sure it has done me more good than all medicines. Our little girl has been afflicted with a nervous disorder for seven years. Since using Oxien her mind is better, and she is improving fast. I myself have been in the hands of doctors for the past two years, but they could do me no good. Thank God! I am now better, and do not get tired while trying to work, and I give Oxien the praise due it for what it has done."

Cured at the Age of Fifty-two.—Mrs. Ellen E. S. Phillips, St. Augustine, Fla., age fifty-two, was for years a great sufferer from nervous prostration; had no appetite; could not sleep; looked miserable, and would start at the least sound. Just to sweep the hall obliged her to rest several hours. The use of Oxien improved her so much, she says, that she now can sweep, scrub, work in the garden, and keep on the go all the time. "I am well and strong again, and several others to whom I have given this Wonderful Food for the Nerves have all experienced the same improvement."

Was Unable to Stand on his Legs.—P. O. Olson, Vine Street, Paterson, N.J., reports: "My daughter's little boy was so weak for a long time that he was not able to stand on his legs. Oxien made him strong, healthy, and happy, and he can run across the floor like lightning. This Wonderful Food for the Nerves also relieved me of a terrible catarrh and heart trouble, from which I had suffered for years."

Would have been Dead.—Mrs. William W. Hinckley, Highlands, Col.: "I was afflicted with the worst stomach trouble I ever knew of, and thought at times I had cancer of the stomach. Oxien cured me, and all my friends agree in saying that my cure was truly wonderful. Others here who have tried it for similar complaints have derived the same happy results, and a bedridden consumptive, after taking three boxes of Oxien, came to my house and told me that she knew she would have been dead were it not for this wonderful food."

Couldn't Walk—No Appetite—Couldn't Sleep.—Mr. M. Logsdon, San Bernardino, Cal., sends thirty dollars for Oxien, and says: "This Wonderful Food for the Nerves cured my wife, who was sick for five years. Three small boxes and two large ones made her well and stout, and she is a first-class walking advertisement. It also cured me of La Grippe, and many other people here, among them a lady who was sick with kidney trouble—could not walk, had no appetite, and was so nervous that she could not sleep at night. I sold the fifteen-dollar lot I bought of you in three days. I first sell the food to folks who have been sick a long time, and as they get well they boom the wonderful food among others."

Thought She must Die.—Julia M. Perry, Marysburg, Minn., writes: "I was sick in bed with heart ailment and other troubles so common to my sex. I thought I could not live, so great was the distress in my back and stomach. Nothing did me any good until I took Oxien. The very first dose helped me. You can use this testimony if you choose."

More Good than Four Doctors.—Mahala M. Remsburg, Middletown, Md., writes: "The best results have followed the use of Oxien, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves. My case was a bad one, and one box of Oxien did me more good than four doctors."

Nine Hundred Dollars Wasted.—W. W. Fleming, Dundee, Mich., writes: "I had a paralytic stroke January, 1891, and lost the use of my right side. I spent nearly nine hundred dollars for electric belts and every thing I could hear of, but got no help from them. Oxien is the only thing that did me any good, and it has done wonders for me. This is my first trial at writing since I was taken sick."

OXIEN

(TRADE-MARK REGISTERED.)

Is sold in Giant boxes, costing one dollar each, and in small boxes, costing thirty-five cents each. Beware of worthless imitations which swindling concerns, here, there, and elsewhere, try to palm off on the reputation of Oxien.

Write for a copy of our booklet, "A Lucky Investment," and for terms and free samples to agents. You can make lots of money handling Oxien.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, AUGUSTA, ME.

The Pearl Divers of the California Gulf.

Between the western shores of Mexico and the mountainous land that extends for 700 miles beyond California's southern border lies the great Gulf of California. Its width is not so great but that on a clear day one may from one side see the mountains at the other; yet from north to south, its waves roll

uninterruptedly for more than 200 leagues. For all that is ordinarily heard of its products, it might be devoid of life as the Dead Sea, yet its waters teem with riches. Few of the inhabitants of California proper imagine that pearls, the rarest of the gems of the sea, are found so close to their own border. Yet in this Gulf of Cortez, as the Spaniards call it, more than 600 men, living almost next door to us, earn their daily bread diving for pearls. Perhaps the most interesting thing I could say about the comparatively unknown fisheries of the Gulf of California is, that the pearl fishery is not merely the most important of them but that pearl-divers have been plying their trade there for more than three centuries.

The pearl fishers lead a life of almost primitive simplicity and their garments during business hours, rival that famous costume which is variously described as a sweet smile and a standing collar or a seal ring and a plug hat.

The Jew and the Judge.

The well known propensity of the Hebrew to indulge in trade at all times, in season and out, is well illustrated by the following story:

A Jew was on the witness-stand, testifying against a negro who had stolen a pair of pantaloons from his store.

"How much are the pants worth?" asked Judge Thompson. "Well, Judge," responded the witness, "it depends on the man that wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for \$5, to another for \$5, but you can have them for \$4."

"Sir," responded the honor in a disgusted tone of voice, "I want you to tell me what those pants are worth."

"Ah, Judge," said the Israelite, "take 'em for \$5 if \$4 don't suit 'em."

"Look here," thundered the Judge, "if you don't tell me the exact value of them pants, I will send you to jail for contempt of court."

"Well, then, Judge," pleaded the obtuse witness in a most insinuating tone of voice, "take 'em for \$2. It is giving them away almost, but you can have 'em for \$2."

By this time the people in the court-room were convulsed with laughter, and the Judge himself was obliged to forget his disgust and join heartily in the merriment.

A MOTHER'S SUFFERING.

Every woman is afraid of maternity when she sees the terrible agony of her sisters with caked breasts. If she sends to the E. B. C. CO., box 61, East Orange, N. J., by mail or wire with a remittance of \$5 she will receive an Elastic Breast Compressor a most simple and comfortable guarantee against threatening or developed caked breast. Ask any reputable physician about it.

A TRUE FORTUNE TELLER.

My "Shorthand Self Instructor" teaches boys and girls how to get home-made fortunes. Best, most complete work ever published. Teacher, manual, reporter all in one. Revised edition of Pitman's world-renowned standard system. Endorsed by highest authorities. Over 4,000 shorthand outlines shown. Price \$1.95. C. H. Hastings, Daily Item Office, Lynn, Mass.

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Our Blood Treatment CLEARS THE COMPLEXION

and Brightens the EYE. Is harmless, though powerful. DR. KISTLER, Columbus, O.

The Asbestos Pipe

CANNOT be told from a clear, holds an ordinary pipe full of asbestos and will last for years. Sample by mail with catalogue to Agents, 100c. Stamps taken. Sells like hot cakes. N. E. Pipe Co. Co., Newark, Ct.

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FARMERS' WIVES. How to make money on

Write AMERICAN MFG. CO., Waynesboro, Pa.

LADY AGENTS WANTED. Big Independent. Attractive and

Send Stamp for Sample Instruction Book and Information, WILCO PERIN'S Commercial COLLEGE, BUREAU, N. Y.

OLD COINS WANTED. \$1,000 for 1804

Wanted. \$1,000 for 1804 dollar, \$5.75 for 1853 quarter, \$2 for 1866 ct., and Big Prices for 200 other kinds if as required. Send stamp for particulars. W. E. Skinner, 32 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ELECTRIC BELTS. BOTTLED ELECTRICITY

W. E. Skinner, 32 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MANAGERS WANTED Everywhere to take charge

of our business. Advertise distribute circulars & employ help to sell goods. WAGES \$50 t. \$125 PER MONTH. Expenses advanced. State experience. Wages expected, also your preference for home work or traveling. SLOAN & Co., Mfrs. 34 George St., Cincinnati, O.

YOU can become a first-class Book-keeper

within 100 hours' study of my book, at home, without the aid of a teacher, (guaranteed) at a cost of only \$3. One purchaser says: "This worth \$500.00." 33,227 copies sold! 3,158 testimonials received! SAVE THIS and send for a descriptive pamphlet. J. H. GOODWIN, 333, 1215 B'way, New York.

PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final

cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY

FREE TO BOYS & GIRLS UNDER 18. If any boy or girl wants an elegant High Grade Safety Bicycle (28 inch wheels) free on easy conditions, write at once to WESTERN PEARL CO., Chicago, Ill.

DRUNKENNESS

The Lignor Habit permanently cured. All desire for Alcoholic stimulants quickly removed without knowledge of the patient, if desired. Treatise for home cure mailed in confidence. The Yale Institute, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

We know that the only preparation in the world that will effect the most rapid results herein shown, AND SEVERAL OTHERS, is AMRITA, or Juice of the India Mistletoe. We will be glad to send a trial case of AMRITA free of expense to any man who desires to test its marvelous qualities. Address: The Webber Institute, Columbus, Ohio.

HILL HEPAYS EXPRESS

The Latest LADIES' CHATLETTE 14 K GOLD double Watch, Bow and Swivel

To be worn on outside of garment. The latest and most fashionable design, stem-wind and stem-set, guaranteed a perfect timekeeper. The case is Genuine Gold Silver beautifully engraved, and has a double-plated with 14 K gold, (not shown back of case) and handsome 14 K Gold Plated Bow and Swivel. Illustration is the exact size of watch and bow. No money required until after full examination. Sent C. O. D. on approval. We pay all express charges if satisfactory you pay express agent \$5. Otherwise we'll pay one cent. If by mail send full amount and we will send watch and Bow registered. W. HILL & CO., Jewelers, 507 State St. (near 111 Madison), Chicago.

Watch, Bow and Swivel

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CARDS

We send CARDS, art cards, visiting and TRADE. Agents of all kinds of cards to send for a free trial. A small present FREE. ALLIED ARTISTS, Boston, Mass.

OVER 20 FULL LENGTH FIGURE STUDIES

Specially adapted to Artists' Use. Sent to any address with our complete 1891 catalogue of figure, landscape and marine studies on receipt of only 10 cents.

ART STUDIO, Augusta, Maine, U. S. A.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—An incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on arms may require two or more applications before all the hairs are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. Notice your name on each bottle.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out, and send it to MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations.

You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

Wanted. We offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

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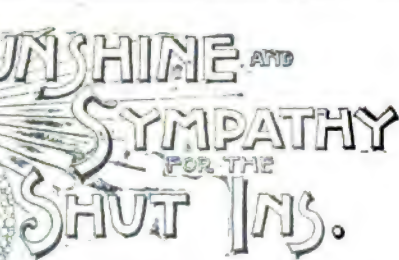
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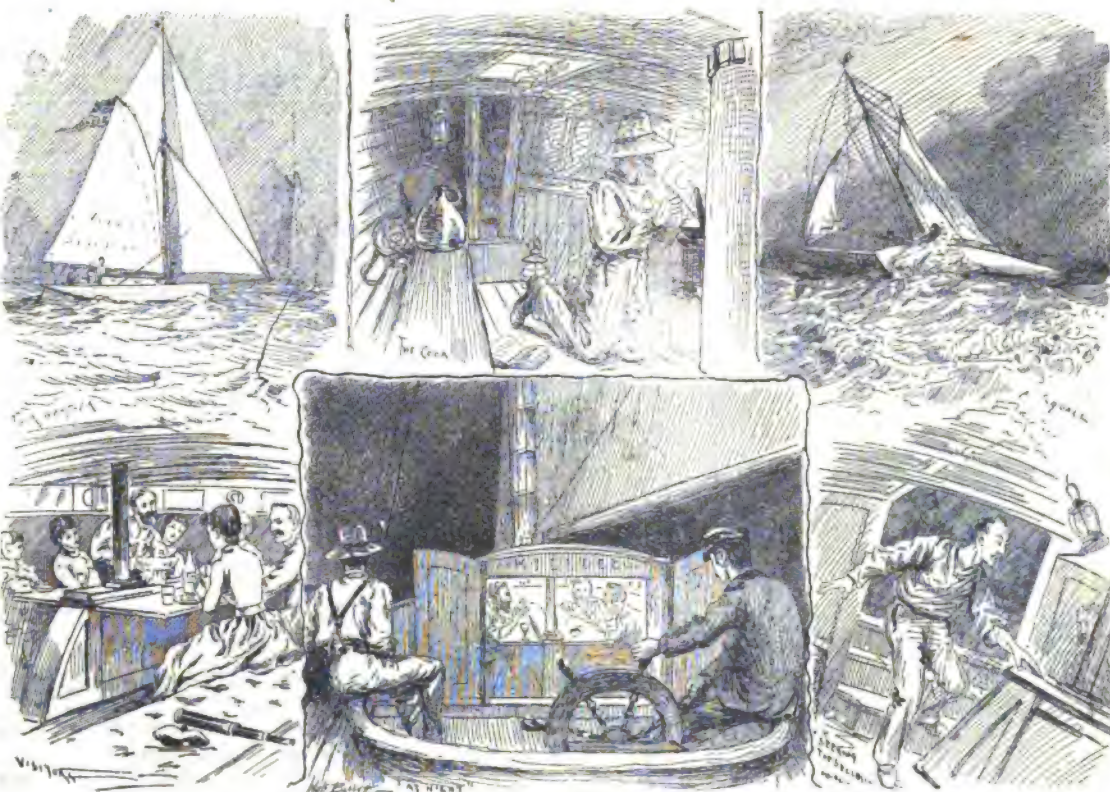


"Will you let me in, for I have come all the way in my wheel-chair? I have been an invalid all my life; have never walked a step, or been to school a day. I am 26 years old, and only weigh 35 pounds. I have a wheel-chair, and am thankful that I can roll around the house all day and attend to my little work and flowers. Of course I get lonely sometimes, and

never in moments, and had come to think themselves forgotten by all the world. But of one thing let me warn you. Don't send money to strangers, no matter how pitiful their story, until you have convinced

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

CHICAGO, ILL., P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to any
E as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.



YACHTING. (SEE PAGE 8.)

of sunshine after weeks of gloom. Then by watching the Shut-In departments of the papers you will find plenty of work abroad. Go to the letter parties. You can't think what a big package of letters means to a discouraged person who has perhaps not had a letter in months, and had come to think themselves

you wish not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any ha
CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre,
 ne sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture **FRI**

CHICAGO, ILL., P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to any one who can prove that this offer is not bona fide.

FREE Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photo or any member of your family, in TRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, pro work, and use your influence in

FREE For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our **Crayon Portraits** and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this **Special Offer**. Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerotype of yourself.

base of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture
you wish not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to **THE CRESCENT**
CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL., P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to any
one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

Wanted! Typewriter and Stenographer. Bright, intelligent, well-educated young lady who will attend strictly to business. Must furnish highest references and be hopelessly and incurably single. Pleasant, permanent position and good salary. Address, Box 711, City Post Office.

It struck people as a little singular, this advertisement, but that was just the way it appeared in the paper. It was easy to see that the person who inserted it was a man with a grievance, and, in truth, Laurence Revere had passed through some trying experiences with this particular portion of his office force.

He was a talented young architect and already had a large business, although only a few years out of college. When he opened his office a couple of years before the date of this to-be-memorable advertisement he was fortunate in finding an extremely capable typewriter, lady-like, unobtrusive, reliable, and he congratulated himself. But in less than a year his "treasure of a typewriter" informed him one morning, with a rosy hesitancy, that she would like him to supply her place as she expected—to get married! Then the trouble began. The next was indolent, the following one flirtatious. It was quite too evident that she contemplated marrying him whether he would or not. The third made heart-rending errors in spelling. He was just beginning to despair when fortune sent him an assistant as efficient as the first. Once more peace reigned. She was clever, cultivated, exquisitely neat and, although cheery and pleasant in manner, was evidently absorbed in her business and had no thought of him except as a courteous and not too exacting employer.

Everything was running so smoothly that when one morning a letter came from his college chum, Harry MacDonald, inviting him down for a week to his summer cottage at Gardiner's Bay, he felt that he could safely go. Truth to tell, he was rather done up by his winter's work and the "typewriter" vexations of spirit—and Harry's was the very first house he had planned and he had a sneaking sentimental regard for it down in his very business-like heart. So he wrote to his friend that he would go and proceeded to throw the necessary articles into a valise.

The next morning he walked into the office and was just on the point of asking Miss Typewriter if she could look out for the office in his absence, when she calmly announced her intention of resigning her position in a week from that day. "But what's the matter? Anything gone wrong?" he inquired, in his astonishment. "N-o, but I—in fact, I am going to be married!" was the reply. He wired Harry. "Can't get away. No one to leave in charge." Then he jammed his hat on and went around to Billings's, his friend and lawyer, for sympathy. Billings sympathized a little and chaffed him a good deal, ending by advising him to get a man next time. Happy thought! He would get a man. He did.

But the man was always smoking cigarettes, and burning holes in Revere's carefully drawn plans, by allowing the hot ashes to fall on the paper. When smoking in the office was prohibited he made such frequent journeys to the corridors that he was seldom to be found when wanted. The next man was so many friends coming in to see him that he had no time or business. The third he discovered to be in the habit of talking over his business with outsiders, mentioning his plans, figures and estimates. No, clearly the men could not do and the advertisement which begins this tale was inserted in the daily papers.

To his previous advertisements responses had been numerous. To this the replies were indeed meagre, but he selected one that pleased him and appointed an interview at ten o'clock the next morning.

Punctual to the minute, there arrived a young woman, tall, slender, graceful, with serious gray eyes, sweet but firm mouth and a mass of soft brown hair smoothly coiled on a finely formed head. Mr. Revere liked her appearance. Even her dress bore an individuality in its simple yet modish fashion and its quiet gray tint. Revere did not go into details excepting as regarded her references, which proved to be eminently satisfactory, and she was immediately engaged.

As the days slipped by, the slender, graceful figure, the perfect foot that peeped from beneath the trim skirt, the rich masses of brown hair crowning the sweet, strong face, grew to be pleasantly familiar. Busy over his plans and specifications, he yet found time to steal many a quiet glance at his typewriter as she bent over her work. Sometimes he would think that she must be tired of the stooping position and would call her away in pretense of fetching a "woman's point of view" on the plans. Often, too, her shrewd suggestions pleased him and were promptly incorporated into his plans. Occasionally he would allow himself to stray from business topics and then he found that she possessed cultivated tastes, could talk well of music, pictures and plays. He felt that he would like to take her to some of the more expensive entertainments, beyond her slender purse, but that would not do, in his capacity as employer, so he contented himself with having tickets that he "could not use" for anything that he fancied she might enjoy. He told himself that this was only a fair return for her assistance. Never had so many of his plans been accepted and he himself felt that his work had never been so good or the homes that he designed so filled with cosy nooks and little conveniences for home-keepers.

Then, too, she was so thoroughly womanly! One day there was a commotion in the corridor and the door was opened hastily by the elevator boy. "Here's a boy what's fainted or sumthin', sir," he said. Instantly Miss Mason was on her feet and as Mr. Revere said "Bring him in here" and the helpless little messenger who had succumbed to the united influence of heat and hunger—for it was an intensely hot summer day—was brought in she sat down on the floor and told them to lay his head on her lap and get some water. Mr. Revere glanced at the unkempt little head and dirty face of the boy and almost began a word of protest, but she repeated her directions so imperiously that she was obeyed.

"Now give me that glass of water and then run down to the druggist's at the corner and get some brandy quickly as possible. While they are getting the brandy, the typewriter bashed the soiled face with her own handkerchief dipped in the water. Revere watched her movements, so tender and gentle, with something like fascination and felt an absurd sensation that seemed almost like jealousy as the white fingers moved so caressingly over the unconscious child's face. The boy opened his eyes in a few moments and when the stimulant came was able to drink a spoonful. Miss Mason asked him some questions when he could speak, the first being "What did you have for breakfast?" "Half a roll, Miss," was his reply, faintly given. "I knew it," she said, "I could see that. Was half the trouble. Mr. Revere, will you send out for some milk and sandwiches? No, little fellow," as the child made a move to get up, "stay just where you are till I get you a better." And when he had eaten the breakfast for which Revere had obediently sent to the nearest restaurant, she wrote his address in her little note-book and promised to go and see the sick woman of whom he had told her. Then she went quietly back to her desk and without further reference to the episode, resumed her work. Her quickness of thought and action in the emergency, her perfect self-possession, and above all, her ready sympathy, made a deep impression upon Revere.

He gradually became aware of a strange inclination of pencil and mind to wander. One day, to his mingled amusement and vexation he discovered that he had idly drawn on the piazza of a particularly beautiful house, a figure, tall, slender, graceful, startlingly like his typewriter! "Here, my boy. This can't go on. It must be settled—one way or the other!" he said to himself. Then he stepped up to his drawing-board and soon an airy network of lines appeared and gradually took shape. Never had he worked with such magical swiftness. Never had a design so quaint and beautiful sprung from his brain.

When it was completed he dictated this letter to his typewriter: "I have pleasure in enclosing herewith for your inspection completed plans and specifications for your house."

The machine clicked swiftly and then waited for the next sentence. He hurriedly continued, "One condition I must make. I must ask you to return the design forthwith unless you are willing to accept the designer."

Yours truly,
LAURENCE REVERE.

There was a sudden pause as he dictated the last clause; then with white lips the girl bravely completed it and without looking up from her work reminded him that he had forgotten to give "the name and address." Thereupon Revere suddenly reached for his hat and hastily said, "You will find everything in an addressed envelope on my desk. Just see that it is delivered at once, please. Good night!" and the next moment the office door closed after his retreating figure. The girl rose slowly and went to the architect's



desk. She lifted the envelope, with lips compressed. Then she glanced at the address. The name was—her own! A burning flush succeeded the paleness that had come with the writing of that strange letter and she dropped into a chair as if stunned.

The next morning Revere went to his office with a mighty inward quaking, as he opened the door and saw the typewriter's seat vacant, he felt a keen bitter disappointment. Then he walked to his desk and there found a letter addressed in a firm, business-like yet feminine hand. Opening, he read:

Dear Sir:—Your letter of yesterday was a great surprise as to your sentiments and feelings as the accompanying plans and specifications were a delightful evidence of your skill and genius. Being "hopelessly and incurably single," I shall be unable to consider your proposition—unless my employer will extend to me a woman's privilege—of changing her mind. In that case I shall be most happy to have you call on me and will then give my answer.

Yours faithfully,
JANE MASON.

Mr. Laurence Revere was a most punctual business man, and never lost any time on important matters. He closed his desk and took a carriage for somewhere in a tremendous hurry.

About a mile out of town now stands a beautiful cottage, admired by every passer-by. Behind a hedge of roses on its cosy porch sit Laurence Revere and his wife, known to all the neighbors as the happiest couple in town.

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A WORLD'S FAIR GUIDE FREE. Contains map of Chicago and Exposition grounds and picture and description of all the Fair buildings. Authentic and as good as those sold for 50 cts. We send it free if you mention this paper and ask for free plan of our \$150 lots on 4 monthly payments at 6¢ PER WEEK. Chicago's coming factory suburb, if you also promise to show the plan to five other persons. Will you do it? Write to-day. **JAY DWIGGINS & CO.**, 490 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago, Ill.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR PUZZLE WHISTLE. You ought to hear it fill the air with its ear-splitting, uproarious racket. It deafens and stuns with its deep, full, powerful notes. Will thrill, roll, or make a single ear-piercing note which can be heard for miles. Blow it and hand it to your friend, and he cannot get a sound out of it to save his life. Lots of fun in it. Useful to stop a stage, call a dog, make signals at night, call help from a distance, in field or workshop. Can be carried in the vest pocket. The boss of all whistles. Elegantly finished, heavily nickel plated. So attractive a little novelty that every one who sees it wants it. You should have one. **Price 12 cents.** Catalogue of guns, revolvers, violins, organs, Magic Tricks, free. **BOSTON NOVELTY CO., Box 1540, BOSTON, MASS.**

RIPANS TABLETS regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are safe and effective; the best general family medicine known for biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, foul breath, headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, mental depression, indigestion, pimples, sallow complexion, tired feeling, and every symptom or disease resulting from impure blood, or a failure by the stomach, liver or intestines to perform their proper functions. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking one after each meal. Price, by mail, 1 gross \$2; 1 bottle 15c. Address **RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.**, 10 Spruce St., New York. Agents Wanted; EIGHTY per cent profit.

The Family Record.

A gorgeously beautiful Picture in magnificent coloring upon a back ground of pure gold; size, 16x22. In the center resting upon a beautiful easel and supported by a slab of purest marble is an open book in which to register the names and births of each member of the family, on the left a beautiful scroll and on the right another beautiful scroll on which to register the marriages and deaths. Surmounting all in most beautiful letters are the words, "GOD BLESS OUR FAMILY." Underneath are spaces for Fathers' and Mothers' pictures, and all around are similar spaces interspersed with most beautiful flowers and leaves, buds and blossoms, roses and vines, etc., in varied colors and matchless beauty, all thrown into startling prominence by the beautiful and costly back ground of Solid Gold. **AGENTS, NOW IS YOUR TIME!** Our regular price is 50 cents but to any one who will cut this out and send with order we will sell at Agents' Price. Sample by mail 25c cash or 30c stamps; 6 for \$1.25; 12 for \$2.00; 25 for \$4.00; 50 for \$7.50; 100 for \$13.50; 500 and a Handsome Watch and Chain, \$65. All charges prepaid. **JAS. LEE & CO., Chicago, Ill.**

20 DIAMOND RINGS FREE! AWAY! The FIRST step towards sending me the proper solution to the appended riddle will receive one of my 18-K. SOLID ROLLED GOLD GIN. LINE Diamond Rings. Reason for making the above liberal proposition is simply to widen the sale of my many specialties. With your answer you will receive 10 cents in silver, and I shall send you a GOLDEN BOX OF PERFUMERY that will bring you more money than anything else in America. You will be more than pleased with this bargain, to say nothing of the great opportunity of getting a Diamond Ring or each premium FREE. If you reply at once, I am doing so, always cut out this Adv. and return with the 10 cents silver, for the Golden Box of Perfumery. This is a bonanza for your friends, and address a thoroughly reliable source. Show this to your friends, and address **W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, New York City.**

THE HAMMOCK CHAIR. An elegant easy chair for house or lawn. A wood or dale; also combines the features of a hammock and of a swing, it is for Summer and Winter use also. The most economical arrangement ever invented, as having an adjustable lazy back and so arranged that it can be folded up into a very small space when not in use. It is just what EVERY BODY wants to have whether house-keepers or boarders, men, women or children, and certainly a most comfortable affair, having all ropes, books, &c. attached, it can be put up and taken down or adjusted to any desired height, from 3 to 7 feet in a second. It is splendid to put up in the door or on the piazza for an invalid. The children are just crazy to use it for a swing. We offer this brand-new article as a PREMIUM for a club of eight yearly subscribers at 25c. each. We will sell it for 62c. if 20c. extra is forwarded for postage and express. **MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.**



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BROUGHT back with me from Australia, among other things, a most beautiful and accomplished parrot. He talked fluently in several languages, including Maori, alongside of which Choctaw sounds like the liquid murmurings of the mountain brook. This parrot was reared in the bosom of a Christian family on one of the great sheep-stations, and his morals were A No. 1. At three World's Fairs he had captured the gold medal for his beauty, conversational powers, and rare intelligence. He is not only a good talker, but given to imitating the actions of man, as well as words, and I prize him highly. During the four weeks' sea-voyage on the Pacific he became the pet of the passengers, and proved himself so good a sailor that we christened him "Neptune." After the trip across the Continent, however, his spirits began to droop, his appetite declined, and he met all my friendly advances by turning away, and sadly exclaiming, "I want to go home. Give me a rest!"

When I reached Boston I showed the parrot to a friend of mine, an old sea-captain, who has been around the world, and knows pretty much every thing worth knowing, from human nature to parrot peculiarities. He advised me to give the bird the benefit of the tropical sea air, and offered to take him on a cruise to Havana. So I sent Neptune on board the schooner "Newport," and put my trust in Providence. One afternoon last week I was delighted to see a grinning old salt come waddling into my office with the parrot; and when my favorite in feathers greeted me with "Hello, old man! let's take a drink," I knew that Polly was himself again. I took him out of his cage, gave him the freedom of the office, and every thing went swimmingly until one morning last week. At the time I was having a very excited war of words over the telephone with a Boston printer who had disappointed me, when a visitor called me away from the instrument. Hardly had my back been turned when Neptune seized the

up her position, and said she wouldn't stay another minute in a place where a perfect lady would be sworn at, and, among other vile names, called a "bow-legged son of a sea-cook." He had therefore come to take out the telephone, and to say that such proceedings were contrary to rules, and in violation of the laws and dignity of the Commonwealth. I tried my best to explain matters satisfactorily, but made no headway until I trotted out Neptune, and begged him to speak for himself. The manner in which he unbuttoned his lip was a caution, and the telephone was permitted to remain upon our promise that the parrot should be given less rope in future.

It is truly an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and all this trouble suggested an idea to me. There lives in Boston an acquaintance of mine who always owes me money, and who is the second meanest man in Massachusetts. He has plenty of cash, but seems to delight in letting a bill drag along unpaid. He would rather be dunned than see a game of baseball or recline in a Comfort hammock. So I thought I would try a new wrinkle. I called a messenger-boy. "Here," said I, "just take this bill up to Gilfillan's, together with the parrot. Place the cage



in the middle of the office, hand in the bill, say 'Sic 'em, Neptune,' and wait for an answer." The boy was back in half an hour with the amount in full, including interest, and a broad grin. When questioned as to what had happened, he said the man had stood it pretty well until the plaster came down, and the varnish peeled off, and his type-writer girl rushed out with her hands over her ears. Then he came down with the cash.

Any man with half an eye to business can see that I have got hold of a fortune in feathers. I have disposed of my invention, which is protected by patent, copyright, and trade-mark, to The Kinsabby Coin Collecting Concern, whom I recommend to public confidence, and whose prospectus, with full particulars, will soon be issued. The company already has in training, at their Cyclone Cellar or Profanity Proof Parlor in Boston, a collection of pay-promoting parrots almost as accomplished as Neptune himself.

THE habit many New England women have of leaving their baby-carriages with their precious little pets in front of stores while they do shopping inside, received a serious set-back in New Haven last week.



scraping she hastily pulled out the carriage from among a number which had collected, and, glancing under the canopy, noted with much satisfaction that the little babelet had turned on its side and fallen asleep.

Hurrying homeward, she put the child to bed, where it continued its nap until shortly after the return of its mamma, when suddenly a series of agonizing shrieks announced its awakening. In a moment the fond parent was at its side, but was horrified to find the child, which naturally had a pale, aristocratic appearance, as red as a boiled lobster, and that it met all her motherly advances with kicks and yells, and carried on at such a rate that several neighbors were attracted to the scene of the uproar. The mother felt sure the child had taken the measles and become delirious. Amid bitter tears she reproached herself for the day's outing she had taken. The lady next door, who is the happy

mother of eleven children, and knows all about such things, assured her, however, after a glance, that it was simply a case



of summer rash, and that there was no use worrying. But as Mrs. Bradley had ten less children to experiment on, and being a very nervous woman besides, she only grew more alarmed, and sent a messenger to the family physician to come at once, as her baby was dying. After feeling the child's pulse and heart-beats, and asking a sort of questions, the doctor left three or four prescriptions, and said that while there was no occasion for immediate alarm, the child was unmistakably suffering from scarlet fever, and that it must be at once put into a dark room, carefully nursed, and kept very quiet. With these instructions he left, promising to come the next morning.

This news, together with the fact that the child still thrashed and bawled as if possessed, frightened the poor woman beyond expression; and recollecting that her darling had not yet been christened, she held a hasty consultation with her husband, and sent for the minister, while they set to work to settle upon a name. "Daisy" was finally selected, to which the wife insisted upon affixing her mother's name, Lucretia, upon which the husband promptly nailed on his grandmother's, Angelina; and the minister, arriving at eleven-thirty p.m., accordingly vaccinated the child with "Lucretia Daisy Angelina Bradley." At early dawn the child was better, so far as they were able to tell in the uncertain light, but it seemed entirely unable to recognize its parents. At the breakfast-table the husband, in glancing over the morning paper to see what sort of weather was predicted, ran upon the following advertisement:

BABY STOLEN. Twenty dollars reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who yesterday, between the hours of four and six p.m., maliciously or otherwise carried off from in front of Kneely's dry-goods store a fine, healthy baby, eight weeks old (answering to the name of Patsy Mulcahy, and belonging to the undersigned), leaving in place thereof a pale, sickly girl infant, — age and parents unknown, — which the owners may have by applying to the Little Sisters of the Poor. Any one harboring or concealing the above-mentioned baby Patsy will be criminally prosecuted. — CORNELIUS and BRIDGET MULCAHY.

With the reading aloud of this by Mr. Bradley a horrible doubt flashed through their minds, which was changed into a still more horrible certainty when the nurse, upon being hastily summoned, tearfully admitted that she had been to Kneely's the previous day. Instantly for the nursery, thing that premonition that her aristocratic offspring had been published to the world as "pale and sickly," and turned over to a charitable institution. She couldn't even cry, she was so mad.



No time was lost in affecting an exchange of babies, and notwithstanding the fierceness of their advertisement, the Mulcahys were disposed to treat the matter in a very friendly way, until, by an unfortunate remark of the stupid nurse-girl, they learned of the christening. On hearing that their little Patsy had been legally named "Angelina," the Mulcahys fairly exploded, and Cornelius threatened to wipe up the floor "with ivory mother's son of the Bradleys," while his wife very emphatically announced that she could "name all her kids without outside help, if she had fifty."

This sad turn of affairs threw the case into the courts, and the leading baby-lawyers of the Nutmeg State are racking their brains to bring about an adjustment. Inasmuch as no law can be found that bears upon the complication, it seems clear that unless the Mulcahys petition the Connecticut Legislature for a special act of authorization, little Patsy will soon get round-shouldered lugging about the high-toned name of "Lucretia Daisy Angelina."

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Silks Satins and Plush. A nice package of PRETTY PIECES, all colors ONLY 10¢ 3 lots, 25¢. Western Supply Co. St. Louis.

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GOLD HUNTERS HALL'S MAGNETIC MINERAL ROD, for discovering all kinds of Minerals and Treasures. Also scans and carves maps not found elsewhere. Circulars free. UNION BOOK CO., Palmyra, Pa.

YOUR NAME ON 25 LATEST STYLE CARDS—Vases, 1 Ring, 1 Pocket Pencil, 1 Fountain Pen, 1 Illustrated Handkerchief, STORY PAPER 3 MONTHS, and Agent's New Samples, all 10¢. CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Conn.

CUT THIS OUT and send with your name and address, office address and we will send you for to examine and wear, a GOLD GOLD finished watch that you can sell for Ten Dollars. If it suits, you send us Four Dollars and express charges. If not, return it to me. Mention whether Ladies' or Gents' size is desired. W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, N. Y.

YOU You can now grasp a fortune. A new guide to rapid wealth, with 240 fine engravings, sent free to any person. This is a chance of a lifetime. Write at once. Lynn & Co. 45 Bond St. New York.

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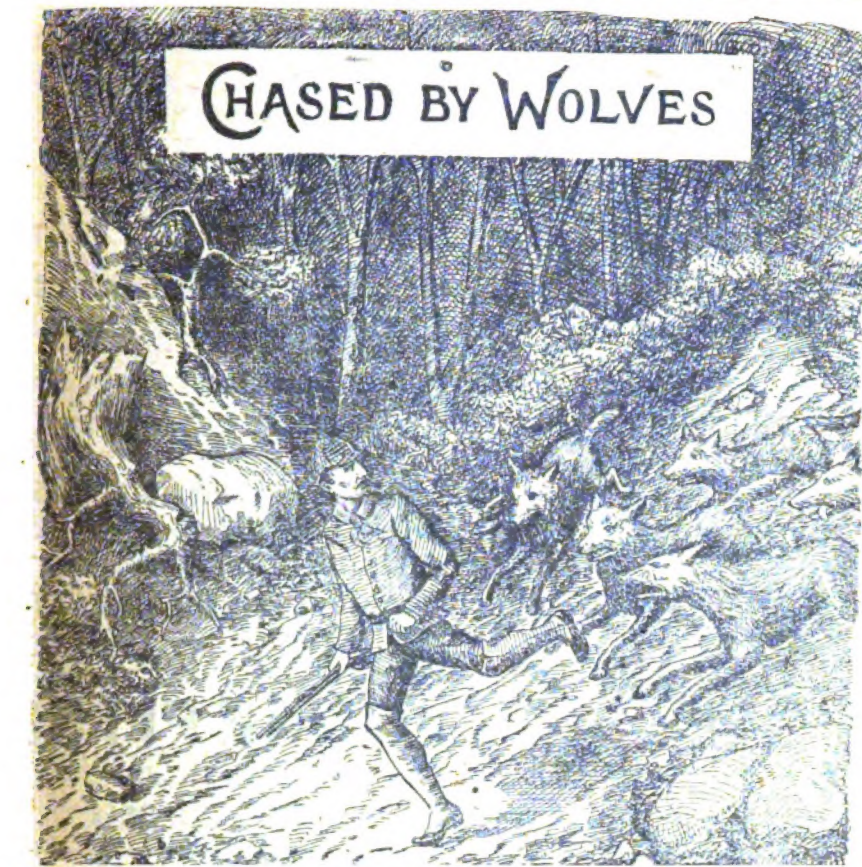
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CHASED BY WOLVES



It was while on an extensive trapping expedition near the head waters of the Little Snake River, that I had some harassing adventures, one of which I will endeavor to describe here.

One bright cold morning in midwinter I set out to look at a number of traps I had set for wolves some time before.

I had visited all of them except one and on arriving at the place where I had set this one I found it to be missing.

There was no snow on the ground, and after a careful search I found a track or trail leading away from the place, and it proved to be the track of a bear.

I did not relish the idea of permitting bruin to take possession of my trap without making some effort to prevent it, for a wolf trap is not bought for a song, so finding I had a goodly supply of powder and bullets I at once determined to follow the bear upon whose leg I supposed my trap to be hanging.

All day long I kept steadily on, wishing if possible to overtake my game before the day should give way to the night, but in this I was doomed to disappointment for night found me seemingly no nearer success than I was at the starting.

Night came on and with it the sounds of many wild beasts of the forest, among which was the bark of the hungry wolves, and I assure you they seemed unwholesomely near. In my haste in the morning I had neglected to provide myself with matches so I was obliged to content myself with a lunch of cold dried venison, and then set myself about hunting for some shelter for the night which was growing blacker and colder every minute.

I could discern the bark of one wolf more during than the rest very near to where I stood and then came an answering bark from many throats farther back in the brush. It dawned upon me that I was to have trouble with the wild dogs of the wilderness on account of having no means of lighting a fire, so I would be obliged to find shelter in some tree or find some other place of safety without delay for the varmints were coming nearer each minute and I must act without delay. Even now I seem to hear the rush of many feet through the thick undergrowth.

I looked about me for some friendly tree in which to take refuge, but to my dismay I could not discern anything larger than a sage brush, and my condition was becoming alarming in the extreme.

The wolves had gathered in a body and were now coming towards me, I started on a brisk run to the northward, for in this direction I was in hopes to find timber, but I was mistaken as you will soon see. I pushed rapidly forward through the scraping sage-brush heedless of the many scratches I received from the unfriendly prickly-head bushes with which I came in contact owing to the darkness.

I could now see a short distance in advance an opening which proved to be a large tract of clear prairie, this gave me renewed courage, and reaching the open ground I was able to make much better time, but this advantage was also in the favor of the wolves.



A huge wolf springs at my throat!

I was a hardy son of the West but this long race was beginning to tell on me, for no man can outstrip the gaunt dogs unless well mounted. They were now within a gunshot and taking quick aim I fired, with what success I have never been able to tell; however the wolves came swiftly onward.

I have had considerable experience in hunting but had not then acquired the feat of reloading on the run, and being too hard pressed to stop I ran on as fast as possible, but I was fast becoming weak from the effects of such a long and forced race; my breath came in short gasps, and I realized that unless something happened in my favor very soon, I would in the course of a few minutes fall a victim to the oncoming wolves.

The relentless beasts now made a rush and

were soon on all sides of me; my fate was surely sealed; but no, what is this sinking feeling just as a huge wolf springs at my throat? I feel the ground giving way beneath me and a sensation of falling comes over me, and then a shock and I stop full twenty feet below where I was standing. The fates seem to favor me for I struck squarely on my feet and received no further injury than a slight shaking up.

The wolves lingered around for a short time and then with howls of disappointment retraced their way to the timber.

As soon as morning dawned I scrambled out of the pit into which I had so fortunately and miraculously fallen, none the worse for the adventure and feeling greatly elated to know that the whole region was inhabited by badgers and that it was into one of their tunnel-like abodes that I had fallen.

N. O. C.

Flowers and Their Mission.

It will doubtless surprise many of COMFORT'S readers to know that there are thousands of men and women and little boys and girls who have never seen a green field or know anything at all about the beautiful quiet woods, with their tall stately trees and their mossy banks. Yet such is the case, and some of them who read COMFORT often sigh for the pleasure which is denied them, and which they never hope to realize.

In all great cities there is a certain part given up to the homes of the poor, and miserable wretched homes they are. Sometimes as many as sixty families live in one tenement, and oftentimes a family of nine or ten people will be confined in one small room, where all the cooking, eating, sleeping and working is performed. For in these wretched tenements the smallest member of the family is obliged to be a contributor to the family revenue, and many a poor little life is crushed out before it has had a chance to get fairly started. Every little while in New York, Chicago, and London there comes mutterings of an uproar, and the rich people are threatened with mob violence. It is all very well to blame people for having socialistic tendencies, but the spectacle of one man having more money than he can possibly know what to do with, while another struggles hopelessly along losing ground at every step, is not apt to breed a feeling of brotherly love on both sides.

It certainly seems as if there were an inequality of fate somewhere. Yet all men are born equal. Some rise to great heights even from just such surroundings and attain great wealth and fame. But the majority fail, and drag out a miserable existence that is no better in the end than in the beginning. Perhaps our laws are wrong, perhaps we make no allowance for the fact that all men are not born equal, the Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. Some men are born with great physical strength and health. Some are weak and puny. And so with the mental faculties. One man is imbued with a godheadness and instinctive impulse to push things, while the other is satisfied to let things go along as they are. The one man gets along while the other stays where he is. People call the one a hustler and say he deserves success, and say the other is "an old stuff" and lacks ambition. My idea is that the two men were born with different natures, and while it is all well enough to blame the other man, would it not be better to frame our laws so that he would be protected in some measure from the grasping greed of his neighbor the hustler? You don't expect a man weighing 120 lbs. to knock out a Sullivan, but you expect every man to have the same brain power as the next.

It is among these poor people who are crowded to the wall that the philanthropist turns in his hour of well doing. Many ladies in the great cities have found that one of the most powerful agencies for good have been the simple flowers that adorn our gardens and fields everywhere. They obtain a marvellous hold over the affections of the poor, and the influence of a bit of bright color in a sick room has done much to restore the wan cheek to its accustomed fullness, and has brightened the few remaining hours of many a poor soul that never knew what kindness meant till just before the end. You must recollect that these flowers go where they have never been seen before, and those who have seen them know them only as belonging to the rich. It is therefore a great work that the Flower Mission performs, and its good cannot be calculated in mere dollars and cents. The woman who has brought sunshine and sympathy into the heart of a poor sufferer has done something that cannot be repaid to her in this world, but which is surely laying up treasures in Heaven.

Flowers are a comfort to everybody. Not only to the sick poor in great cities, but to the belle of the ball who has a hundred suitors at her feet. On the table at a great banquet, flowers deck the board with greater radiance than gold or silver, and the small bunch of flowers in the corsage of the factory girl betoken a love for the beautiful, and a refinement that is inherent.

Flowers sometimes have a peculiar significance. Primrose Day in England denoted the birthday of the Earl of Beauchamp, one of the greatest Prime Ministers England ever had, and whose favorite flower was a Primrose.

Years ago there was a war called the "War of Roses" between the houses of York on one side and of Lancaster on the other. At the beginning of the dispute one of the contestants seizing a white rose declared his cause to be as pure as the flower in his hand, whereupon his opponent plucked a red rose and declared his allegiance to that. And so the quarrel was designated as the "War of Roses," and each follower showed his sympathy by the color of his rose.

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TO become the President of the United States, a man must have been a successful bread-winner. Almost without exception, absolutely so in recent times, the men who have gained the highest public reward that can come to a human being—the Presidency of the greatest republic on the globe—have been those who have sprung from what Abraham Lincoln so aptly called the “plain people.” This fact alone justifies the principle that lies at the foundation of our institutions, that the government of the United States is “of the people, for the people, and by the people.” The people of this great country are its rulers, and its servants are chosen by the people from their own ranks.

Benjamin Harrison, who has been re-nominated for the Presidency by the Republican party, was born at North Bend, O., August 20, 1833. His father was in moderate circumstances, and able to give his son only those advantages possessed by the average country boy. Young Harrison's early education was obtained at a log schoolhouse near his home. He entered Miami University, and soon developed those qualities of mind which have since become so prominent in his successful legal, military, and political career. After graduating from college he studied law, and emigrated to Indianapolis, Ind., where he began the practice of his profession in 1854. He soon took high rank among the lawyers of the State, and was widely known for his legal ability and high sense of justice. At the breaking out of the War he recruited a regiment, and served until mustered out of service in 1865. His military career was brilliantly successful, and he earned constant promotion, coming out of the War with the title of brigadier-general, which was bestowed upon him for distinguished services. After the War he continued the practice of his profession, and became one of the leaders of the bar of his State. General Harrison early entered political life, and was the candidate of the Republican party for Governor of Indiana in 1876, being defeated by “Blue Jeans” Williams. In 1881 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and served until 1887. In 1888 he became the Republican nominee for the Presidency, and was elected over Mr. Cleveland, after one of the most exciting campaigns in the history of the country. His administration has been marked by that ability, integrity, and patriotism which characterize the man. General Harrison comes of good stock. His great-grandfather was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and his grandfather, William Henry Harrison, was elected President of the United States in the famous “Tippecanoe” campaign of 1840. He is distinguished as a soldier, a lawyer, and statesman. President Harrison was married in early life to Caroline Scott, and has a son and daughter, both married.

IN the selection of Whitelaw Reid as its candidate for Vice-President of the United States, the Republican party has departed from its usual course, and has named a man who has only until recently been identified with the public service. But while Mr. Reid has not figured in official life, he has long been prominent in the politics of his country as the editor of a great newspaper, through whose columns he has exerted a wide influence, and left his impress upon the fortunes of his party; and his love of country and efforts in behalf of clean politics are already known to the readers of COMFORT.

Mr. Reid was born in Xenia, O., October 27, 1837. His education was obtained in the common schools

and Miami University (from which President Harrison had graduated a few years before). He early showed talent for newspaper work, and at the age of twenty purchased the *Xenia News*, in whose columns his abilities as a journalist and politician attracted the attention of public men.

Upon the breaking out of the War, he went to the front as a correspondent. His letters to the *New York Tribune* brought him into prominence as an able and accurate writer of events that were engaging the interest of the whole world, and earned for him the confidence of President Lincoln and the great generals in the field. He became connected with the *Tribune* under Horace Greeley, and upon the death of that great editor he took charge of the journal which Mr. Greeley had founded and built up into a great political power. Mr. Reid's wide knowledge of men and affairs, and his strong influence in the councils of his party, which he had served for many years, led to his selection by President Harrison as Minister to France. He represented the United States in the sister republic with great credit, and returned to meet the approbation of his countrymen for his distinguished services, the most important of which was, perhaps, the removal of the barrier against American pork in France. Mr. Reid married, in 1881, the daughter of Mr. D. O. Mills of California, and has a charming family. He resides at White Plains, N.Y., on a large farm, enjoying the delights of rural life.

BY nominating Grover Cleveland, the Democratic party has put the tariff question in the forefront of the issues to be discussed in the presidential campaign. Ex-President Cleveland stands before the country as the representative of the tariff-reform movement. The Democratic party has long been the exponent of a low tariff, with incidental protection; but the growing sentiment within its ranks in favor of a tariff for revenue only, found its radical expression in Mr. Cleveland's famous message to Congress in 1887. Mr. Cleveland was born in New Jersey, March 18, 1837. He is the son of a minister, who died while his children were yet young, leaving them dependent upon themselves for support. Young Cleveland's education was obtained in the common schools. His ambition was to be a lawyer, and he secured a place in the office of an attorney at Buffalo, N.Y. His election as district attorney brought him into public notice, and he was thereafter elected Sheriff of the County of Erie. He was elected Mayor of Buffalo by the votes of men of all parties who desired a reformation of the city government, and in 1883 was chosen Governor of New York by an overwhelming majority. In 1884 he was nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats, and elected after the most malignant and exciting campaign of recent times. Being re-nominated in 1888, he was defeated by Mr. Harrison, since which time he has practised law in New York City. As the first Democratic President since 1860, Mr. Cleveland labored under great difficulties in satisfying the desires of many of the leaders of his party; but his administration was on the whole a successful one, and made him worthy of a high place in the long line of men who have occupied that distinguished office. One of the most interesting events in Mr. Cleveland's administration, and the most important of his life, was his marriage to Frances Folsom, whose career as mistress of the White House added a grace and charm to the social side of Washington life.

WHILE less is known by the general public about Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, he has had, nevertheless, a long and creditable career in political life. He was born in Christian County, Ky., in 1835, of Scotch-Irish descent. When sixteen years old he moved with his parents to Bloomington, Ill., and studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1858, and has since practised his profession. In 1864 he was presidential elector on the McClellan ticket. In 1874 he was elected to Congress from the Bloomington district, and again elected in 1878. In 1885 he was appointed by Mr. Cleveland Assistant Postmaster-General, which office he held for several years. Mr. Stevenson was the chairman of the Illinois dele-

gation in the convention which nominated him for the Vice-Presidency, and was among Mr. Cleveland's most earnest supporters. He is a man of high character and ability, of domestic tastes, and has always been a staunch Democrat.

The same measures, represented by the same candidates, that were passed upon by the people of the country in 1888, bid fair to be the leading issues in the coming campaign. Whether or not the people will decide that in the present prosperous condition of the country a change of administration is advisable, remains to be seen. But whatever their decision, it is a comfort to know that the government is not one of political parties, but of the people, and that the affairs of the country will be patriotically administered.

THAT important office of the executive branch of the Government is that of private secretary to the President. To fill this post successfully, a man must combine exceptional ability, tact, and judgment with a thorough knowledge of men and affairs. In order to handle the vast volume of cor-

respondence constantly pouring into the White House, he has several assistants, all of whom are expert shorthand writers.

As a means of bread-winning, and facilitating business, shorthand has risen to such importance that the following from the pen of the expert stenographer, C. H. Hastings, whose “Short-hand Self Instructor” is everywhere recognized as a standard work, will be read with interest. Mr. Hastings, who is one of the publishers of the *Lynn (Mass.) Item*, has climbed the ladder of success by practicing what he preaches, and his suggestions may prove profitable to many COMFORT readers. This is what he says:—

Shorthand is a short cut to the quickest results in writing. At the present time it is as necessary for the busy business man to have a stenographer, or shorthand-writer, as it is to have a book-keeper. In some large commercial houses, where a dozen years ago only one shorthand writer found work, now can be seen one at the elbow of every head of a department having correspondence to attend to. Why? Because the busy man can go through his letters, dictate the replies to his stenographer, and go about other business during the time that was formerly taken up in personally writing out his letters. The merchant, lawyer, minister, railroad manager, editor, in fact, all business men, realize more and more each year the time-saving benefits derived from shorthand.

What is shorthand? It is based upon an analysis of the English language, representing the sounds of words, without regard to the spelling. As there are but forty sounds in the language, it is only necessary to make use of forty different signs. These are made by straight and curved lines of different lengths and shapes. Shorthand is based on a regular alphabet, the same as longhand. The sound of B in the word “bake” is written the same as the sound of B in the word “Boston,” and so on. There is no mystery about shorthand, as some folks believe.

What is necessary to learn the art and become a successful shorthand writer? The same requirements that are needed in every thing else—a good common-school education, fair intelligence, a desire to succeed, close application, the same as in learning to play the piano, or to make a success of any thing. There is no picnic about learning shorthand, and it cannot be acquired in a week or a month. It means work. The same determination that makes the successful farmer or mechanic will accomplish the result. The time required depends upon the amount of study, varying from three months to a year. It is not necessary to attend a shorthand school. Persistent study of the right system at home, by those far away from school, will enable the student to thoroughly master the art. It is important to start right, and study one of the standard systems. Get on the right road to commence with.

Shorthand affords women as well as men a splendid opportunity to earn money. The business woman has come to stay, and in shorthand is occupying her share of the field. While it may be classed as a specialty, it will be found to hand in hand with other office work, and where one can do different kinds of work, the salary will be correspondingly greater. After learning the rudiments of shorthand, read all you can: newspapers, business circulars, pamphlets, etc. If you expect to work for a bank president, read all you can about banks and banking, and practice on the shorthand outlines for all the words and expressions that are not familiar. This applies as well if you intend to work for a railroad manager, lawyer, or in any other branch.

What is the pay for shorthand work? It varies from five dollars a week to five thousand dollars a year. An expert can easily make from one to two thousand a year.

Here are a few sentences in shorthand, followed by the same sentences in type:—

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